LATE NEWS OF OCCURRENCES DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR

FLORA JESKE CHOSEN VALEDICTORIAN

Miss Flora Jeske has been chosen as the Valedictorian of the class of '23.

Miss Jeske entered High School in West Palm Beach as a shy little Freshie. She has continued her scholastic career here, and is being congratulated on her success.

Flora not only has a good record in P. B. H. S. classical subjects, but also in those of the Commercial Department. She will receive both High School and Commercial diplomas this year.

Again we congratulate this most likable young lady for making an average of 95% in her Senior year, and wish her as much success all through life.

SENIOR SPONSOR WEDS

The most beautiful wedding of the year was that of Miss Lucile Weaver, the Senior sponsor.

The wedding took place at the Holy Trinity Episcopal Church at nine o'clock Saturday morning, June the second.

The church was artistically decorated in ferns and roses. The color scheme of green and white (the Senior class colors) was carried out in every detail. It was very effective, and delighted the hearts of the Seniors in addition.

Preceding the ceremony the Senior class, wearing green and white, marched in in twos singing Lohengrin's Wedding March.

The two ushers, M. C. Weaver and Terry Gibson, entered first and were followed by the bridesmaids, Miss Marjorie Bowler in a lovely green frock, and Miss Beatrice Blawis, who was charming in white.

Miss Lois Weaver, the sister of the bride, was the maid of honor and wore a lovely green gown. Mrs. M. A. Weaver, the bride's sister-in-law, attired in white, was the attractive matron of honor.

The little ring bearer was followed by the adorable little flower girls. The bride entered with her brother, M. A. Weaver. Miss Weaver was indeed an attractive picture in a beautiful wedding gown of real lace over white duchess satin. She wore with this a picture hat of white. The bride was met at the altar by the groom, Mr. W. F. Devine, and his best man, Mr. Whitney Himes.

Dorothy McCormick and Margaret Carthew, in green, were pages.

The beautiful ceremony took place in the presence of many friends and relatives of the bride and groom.

Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Devine left for a wedding trip by car.

WHAT WE DID IN THE STATE TENNIS MEET

The boys' tennis team left for DeLand May 3 to compete in the State Inter-scholastic Tournament. They played Friday and Saturday and came back Sunday.

Bob McDonald was rated No. 2 in the singles by most of the critics, and the team as a whole was generally rated second. Bob McDonald and Beryl Lewis reached the semi-finals, only to meet defeat. Bob was defeated by the state champion, Yenawine, and Beryl by Romph, a Miami player. These two, Lewis and McDonald, in the doubles played three matches. They met defeat in the last match at the hands of the champion doubles team composed of Yenawine and Blitch, of Duval. The other Palm Beach doubles team was eliminated in the first round.

Those who made the trip were: Mr. Johnstad, faculty representative; Kibbee Allen, assistant coach; Bob Oliver, substitute, and the players, McDonald, Lewis, Harris and Plockelman.

SUMMARY

McDonald vs. Feurer (Miami), 6-4, 2-6, 6-0.

McDonald vs. Stuart (Daytona Beach), 6-1, 6-0.

McDonald vs. Hill (New Smyrna), 6-1, 6-0.

McDonald vs. Yenawine (Duval), 2-6, 3-6.

Lewis vs. Smith (Winter Park), 2-6, 6-3, 6-1.

Lewis vs. Merrill (Daytona), 6-2, 4-2. (Default).

Lewis vs. Tinker (Orlando), 6-4, 7-5.

Lewis vs. Romph (Miami), 3-6, 1-6.

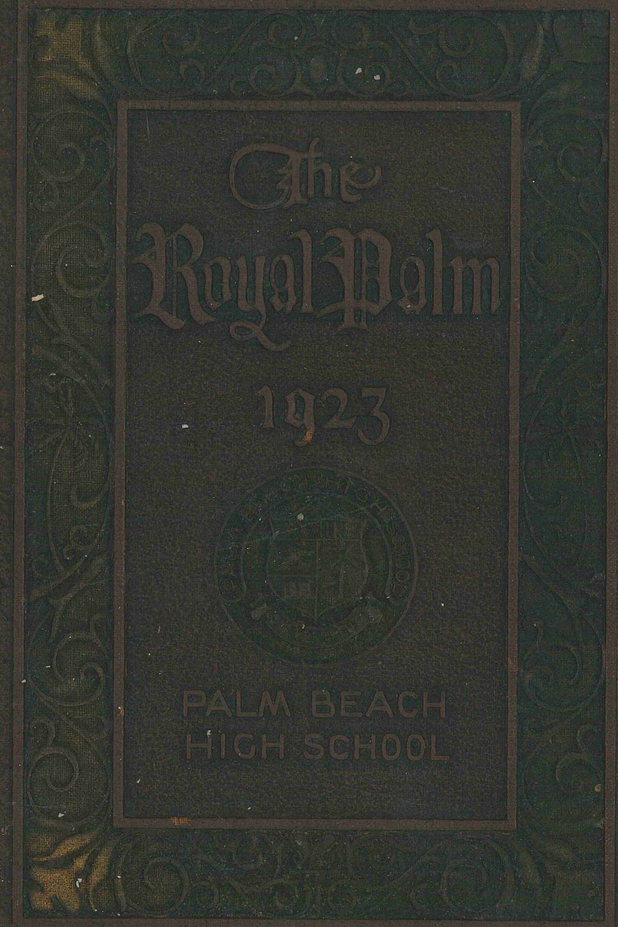
DOUBLES

Harris and Plockelman vs. Taylor and Keezel (Winter Park), 5-7, 6-1, 7-9.

McDonald and Lewis vs. Culp and Watson (DeLand), 6-4, 2-6, 6-3.

McDonald and Lewis vs. (Daytona), 6-0, 6-3.

McDonald and Lewis vs. Yenawine and Blitch (Duval), 4-6, 2-6.



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The Royal Palm

1923

Published by the Senior Class of

PALM BEACH HIGH SCHOOL

In grateful and loving appreciation
for her loyalty and kind assistance through two
years of sponsorship of our class,
we dedicate this volume to
MISS LUCILE WEAVER

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XV Advertisements
XVI Autographs

THANK YOU!

The Staff wishes to express its gratitude to the following students and members of the Faculty for their aid in completing this book. Although not on the Staff they have given their loyal assistance at all times without any thought of recognition for their services.

1. To Porter Taylor who has served this year as Assistant Art Editor, a position which he has held capably and well.

2. To Carl Price and Maudie Pierce for their aid in collecting and arranging the snapshots.

3. To Eva Potts for her excellent calendar and splendid poetry.

4. To the Commercial Department, especially Edna Morris, Neil Du Bois, Ople Williams, Rhoda Pearce, Eva Potts, Janett Stephenson, William Wilrycx, Cora Sweeting, Elma Jackson, Eleanor Jeske, Pauline Jones, Helen La Marre, Mignonne St. Martin, Flora Jeske. Also to Miss Butterfield and Mr. Johnstad for their kind assistance.

5. To Miss Lorance for her ready help and advice when it was most needed.

6. To all those organizations and students who have directly assisted in raising funds for the publication of this book.

THE ROYAL PALM STAFF

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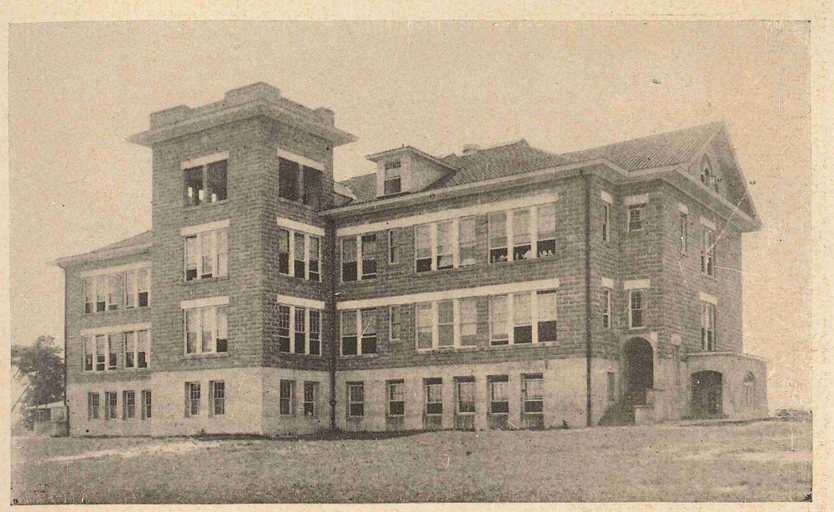
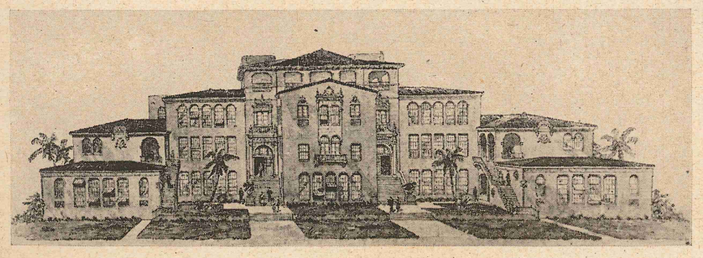
Athletic Editor (Girls')	Ruth Vallowe
Faculty Advisor	Miss Lucile Weaver
Athletics Editor (Boys')	Beryl Lewis
Faculty Advisor	Miss Dorothe Lockhart



OUR PALM BEACH HIGH



THE NEW PALM BEACH HIGH

MISS AGNES BALLARD
County Superintendent of Public Instruction

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H.B.
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MR. GORDON, *Principal*

Mr. Gordon has been principal of the West Palm Beach Public Schools for two years. In that time he has earned the love and respect of each student and pupil by his justice and devotion to school interests. To the class of '23 he will always be a loved friend and an inspiration to better citizenship.

RUBY LORANCE, PH.B.
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Northwestern Missouri State
Teachers College
Dean

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Augustana College
Commercial Department

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Wellesley College
English

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History

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Massachusetts State College
Physical Science and Athletics

Married Rector Gross - 1924
daughter

IMOGENE ANTHONY, A.B., B.S., A.M.
Georgia State College for Women
Johns Hopkins University
Chemical Science and Athletics

Married Divine - 1925
baby -

LUCILE WEAVER, B.A.
Alabama State Normal
Florida State Normal
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English

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University of Virginia
Latin

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University of Chicago
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PAULINE SIEBENTHAL, B.A.
Indiana University
Algebra

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Gainesville University
Librarian
Sponsor of Journalism
English

JANET BUTTERFIELD
University of Illinois
Gregg School of Business, Chicago
Commercial Department

Married Stevens 1925

JOHNNIE WILLIAMS, B.A.
Florida State College
Columbia College
History

EDNA HAZELTINE, B.S.
Pupil of Mme. Calve
Drury College, Missouri
New England Conservatory, Boston
Music

MRS. L. E. MCWILLIAMS
Smithville Academy
Warrensburg State Normal
Colorado University
Algebra

MRS. C. W. FULLER, B.A.
Lake Erie College
Latin

MRS. C. G. GROVENSTEIN
State Normal, Athens, Georgia
University of Georgia
English

SENIORS

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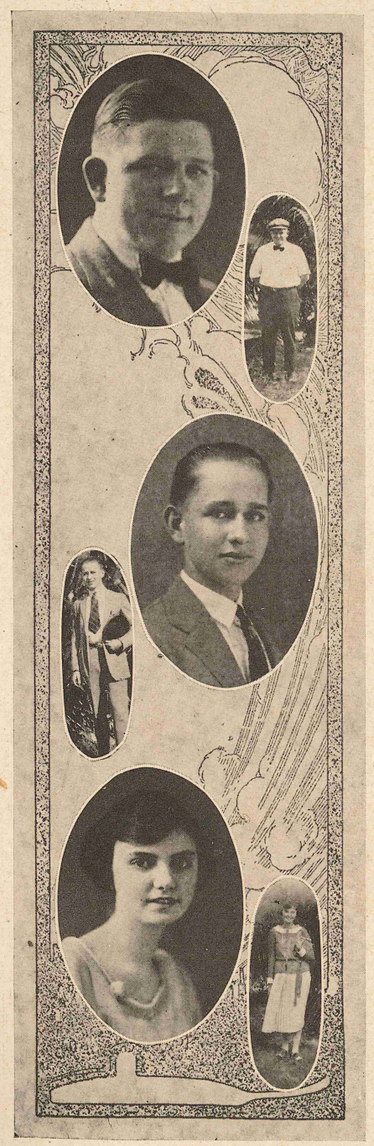
Vice-President	ROMAN LESZCZYNSKI
Secretary	BETTY FULLER
Treasurer	JOSEPH SCHREBNICK
Sponsor	MISS LUCILE WEAVER
Yell Leader	FLORENCE HOLSTLAW

Colors	*Green and White*
Flower	*White Rose*
Motto	*Qui Veut Peut*

CHARLES SARAU

The Senior Class this year has been greatly pleased in its choice of such a charming young man for its mascot. Charles has acquired an unlimited amount of knowledge during his short life, and is most willing to talk at any time on any subject— a well known characteristic of the Senior Class.



HENRY BAKER
"Simmi"

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1920, Senior Play; 1921, Senior Play, Baseball; 1923, Senior Play, President Senior Class, Advertising Manager Royal Palm, Football Captain, Treasurer Athletic Association, Senior Orchestra, Track.

ROMAN LESZCZYNSKI
"Lizzie"

Three years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1922, Secretary Junior Class; 1923, Vice President Senior Class, Merchant of Venice, Senior Play, R. O. J. A.

Married in Havana 1929

BETTY FULLER
"Bettikins"

Three years P. B. H. S:; West Palm Beach. 1922, Orchestra, Microbe of Love; 1923, Glee Club, Secretary Senior Class, Bohemian Girl, Merchant of Venice, Senior Play, Tri-County Debate, Class Prophecy, Class Salutatorian.

JOSEPH SCHREBNICK

"Joe"

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1921, Treasurer Sophomore Class; 1922, Editor-in-Chief News Box, Microbe of Love; 1923, Assistant Editor Royal Palm, Treasurer Senior Class, Merchant of Venice, Tri-County Debate, R. O. J. A.

Teacher

MITTIE STEEN

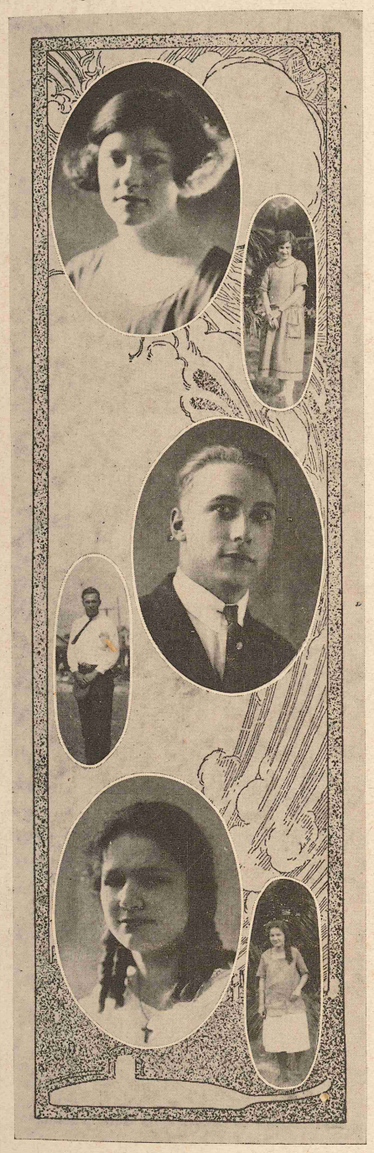
"Vera"

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1921, High School Orchestra; 1922, High School Orchestra, Tri-County Debate; 1923, Senior Orchestra, Merchant of Venice, Fashion Show, Tri-County Debate.

BROOKS REED

"Bill"

Two and one-half years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1922, Swimming Team, Junior Editor Royal Palm; 1923, Swimming Team, R. O. J. A.



RUTH VALLOWE

"Poky"

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1920, President Freshman Class, Chorus, Basketball, Yokohoma Maid; 1921, Chorus, Basketball, Tennis, Athletic Editor Royal Palm; 1922, Chorus, Tennis, Microbe of Love; 1923, Senior Glee Club, Bohemian Girl, Minstrels, Captain of Swimming Team, Athletic Editor Royal Palm, Fashion Show.

CARL PRICE

"High Pockets"

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1921, Senior Play, Vice President Sophomore Class, Basketball; 1922, Track, Basketball, President Junior Class; 1923, Senior Editor Times, Track, Senior Play, Football.

DOLLIE HARTER

"Doll"

Three years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1923, Minstrel, Chorus, Bohemian Girl, Glee Club.

MARGE WEADOCK
One year P. B. H. S.; Toledo, Ohio.
1923, Fashion Show, Girls' Pep Club.

JAY JANKOWSKY
"J"
One year P. B. H. S.; Tulsa, Okla.
1923, Basketball, President R. O. J. A.

EDNA MORRIS
"Ed"
Two years P. B. H. S.; Sanford, Fla.
1923, Girls' Pep Club.

MYRTICE POWERS
"Myrt"
One year P. B. H. S.; Arlington Heights, Mass. 1923, Girls' Pep Club.

Married 1928

WADE SUTTON
"Sheik"
Two years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. Reporter for Athletic Association, A-1 student.

Married & Divorced Harold Spanger

GLADYS DOWDA
"Georgia"
One year P. B. H. S.; Atlanta, Ga. 1923, Senior Glee Club, Minstrel, Senior Play.

MARILEE KRAUSS
"Jack"

Three and one-half years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1922, Microbe of Love, Chorus, Glee Club; 1923, Fashion Show.

HERBERT GIBSON
"Tut"

Three years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1920, Yokohoma Girl; 1923, Cheer Leader, R. O. J. A.

VIOLA WHIDDEN
"Vi"

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1920, High School Chorus, Yokohoma Maid; 1922, Microbe of Love.

CHRISTINE MCCAMPBELL
"Chris"

One year P. B. H. S.; Bridgeport, Ala. 1923, Basketball, Girls' Pep Club.

Died

LLOYD FINDLEY
"Bassanio"

One year P. B. H. S.; Farington, Ill. 1923, Senior Play, Merchant of Venice, Track.

Married Homer Holt 1927
2 sons

DOROTHY SMITH
"Tutterbub"

Three and one-half years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1920, Chorus; 1921, Chorus, Annual Staff; 1922, Chorus, Microbe of Love, Christmas Carol; 1923, Merchant of Venice, Bohemian Girl, Minstrel, Glee Club, Senior Play, Cicero Circle.

Married - Divorced

DORIS GROSS

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1922, Chorus, Swimming Team, Song Leader, Glee Club, Christmas Carol; 1923, Society Editor, Bohemian Girl, Song Leader, Glee Club.

PERRY MCCAMPBELL

One year P. B. H. S.; Bridgeport, Ala. 1923, Basketball, Capt. Baseball, R. O. J. A.

DOROTHY MOORE

"Dodo"

One year P. B. H. S.; Washington, D. C. 1923, Girls' Pep Club.

Married M. Blade 1927 Sept. Baby

BEULAH BARTO

"Charley"

Three years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1922, Basketball; 1923, Capt. Basketball, Vice-President Girls' Pep Club.

PORTER TAYLOR

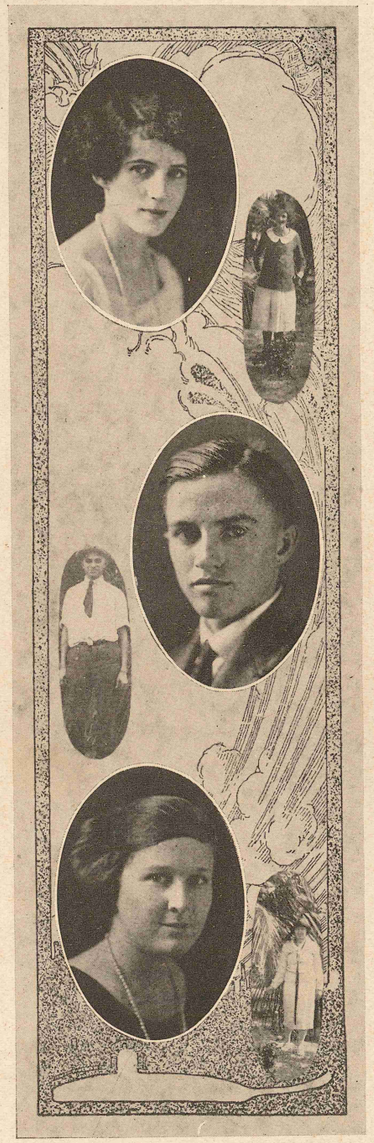
"Torter"

Three years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1923, Merchant of Venice, P. B. H. S. Band, Asst. Art Editor Royal Palm, R. O. J. A.

MARGARET LUTZ

"Susie"

Three and one-half years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1921, President Mid-Year Sophomore Class, Annual Staff, Chorus; 1922, Chorus; 1923, Cicero Circle, Editor-in-Chief News Box, Senior Girls' Glee Club, Senior Play, Merchant of Venice, Tri-County Debate.



Married Luther Drew
1924 — Son

BERNADINE COX

"Peggy"

Two years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1923, Senior Orchestra, Girls' Pep Club.

BALDWIN OHLHABER

"Poncie"

Four years P. B. H. S.; South Palm Beach. 1921, Baseball; 1922, Track and Baseball; 1923, Track (letter), Baseball, Basketball (letter).

GRACE ADAMS

"Grace"

Two years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. Girls' Pep Club.

Kindegarden
married

MAUDIE PIERCE

"Pie Face"

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1920, Chorus, Basketball; 1921, Chorus, Tennis; 1922, Tennis; 1923, Fashion Show, Tennis.

GUY GREWELL

"Buckshot"

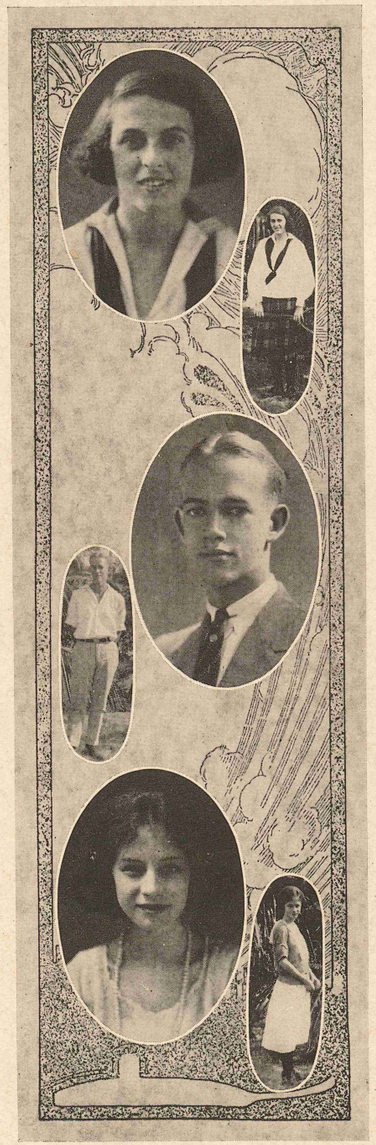
Three and one-half years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1920-21, Chorus, Basketball, Orchestra, Class Secretary and Treasurer; 1922, Basketball, Swimming, "Aaron Boggs", Orchestra, Chorus, Track; 1923, Minstrel, Orchestra, R. O. J. A., Track, Swimming, "A Full House", Captain Boys' Basketball Team (letter).

Married Chas. Eddington
Son. - 1925

EVA POTTS

"Eve"

Three years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. Calendar, 1922-23; Class Song, 1921-'22-'23.



FLORENCE HOLSTLAW

"Pork"

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1920, Vice-President Freshman Class, Yokohoma Maid, Class Historian; 1921, Secretary Basketball, Tennis, Royal Palm, Calendar, Class Historian; 1922, Vice-President, Microbe of Love, Glee Club, Junior Social Editor News Box, Tennis Team, Class Historian; 1923, Manager Girls' Basketball Team, Tennis, Senior Glee Club, Bohemian Girl, Athletic Editor News Box, Senior Editor Royal Palm, Senior Cheer Leader, Senior Play, Swimming.

ALFRED STYPMANN

"Al"

Three years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1922, Microbe of Love, Swimming Team, Treasurer Junior Class; 1923, Capt. Swimming Team, President Athletic Association, Orchestra, Business Manager Royal Palm, Secretary R. O. J. A.

Married
son

FLORA CAROLINE JESKE

"Flora"

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1920, Basketball, Baseball; 1923, Senior Class Historian, Class Valedictorian.

DOROTHY HALSEY

"Dot"

Three and one-half years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1921, Chorus; 1922, Chorus, Microbe of Love, Christmas Carol, News Box; 1923, Senior Glee Club, Minstrel, News Box, Bohemian Girl, Swimming, Senior Will.

HUBERT SHARP

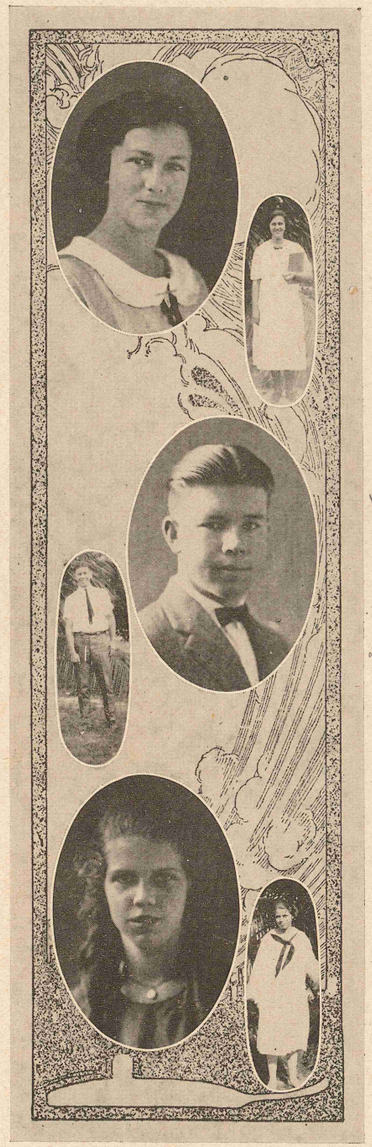
"Sleepy"

Two years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach.

ERMA STRICKLAND

"Bill"

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1920, Yokohoma Maid, Chorus; 1923, Senior Glee Club.



MILDRED MCPHAIL
"Cracker"

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1923, Girls' Pep Club.

ELVIN BASS
"Buck"

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1922, Microbe of Love; 1923, Football Team, Merchant of Venice, Assistant Editor Times School News, Manager Baseball Team.

Married Marguerite Clark June 1929
Daughter - 1930
Son - 1932
Died - heart failure - Sept 29 - '34

GRETNA MCCLAIN
"Mac"

Three years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1922, Microbe of Love; 1923, Merchant of Venice, Assistant Cheer Leader, Tri-County Debate (alternate), Girls' Pep Club.

HOWARD CROMER
"H. L."

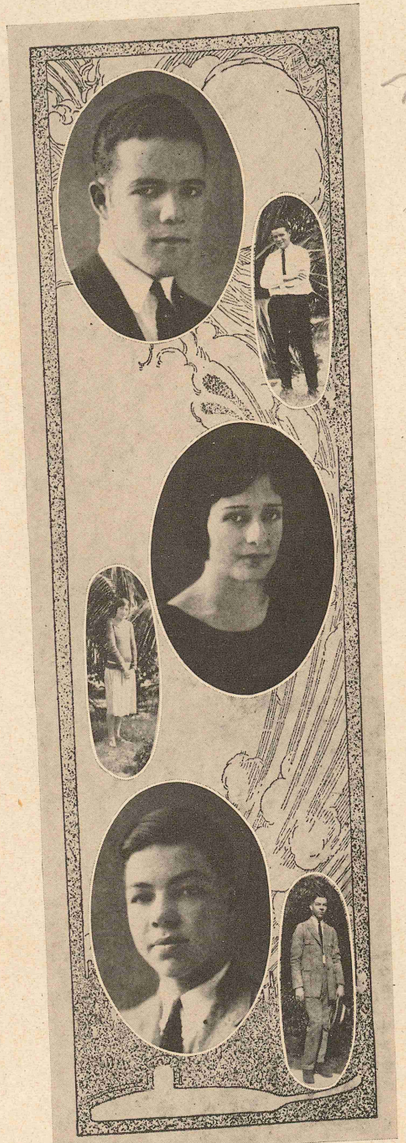
Three years P. B. H. S.; Jupiter, Fla. 1922, News Box, Chorus, Microbe of Love; 1923, News Box, Merchant of Venice, Miscellaneous Editor Royal Palm, Cicero Circle, R. O. J. A.

BESSIE WILSON
"Bess"

Three years P. B. H. S.; Jupiter, Fla. 1921, Assistant Editor Royal Palm, Tri-County Debate; 1922, Captain Tri-County Debate, Winter Park Oration, Chorus, 1923, President Cicero Circle, Captain Tri-County Debate, Secretary Athletic Association, Editor-in-Chief Royal Palm, High School Times Staff, City Editor Special Edition.

BERYL LEWIS
"B. B."

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1921, Tennis, Basketball, Baseball; 1922, Tennis Team (letter), Basketball; 1923, Tennis, Basketball (letter), Vice-President Athletic Association, Athletic Editor News Box, Athletic Editor Royal Palm, Baseball, R. O. J. A.



married 1929

MAURICE HOLLEY

"Buster"

Three years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1920-'21, Swimming Team; 1923, Orchestra, Football (letter), Band, Swimming Team, R. O. J. A.

JEANETTE TRIMMER

"Pat"

Three years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1923, Fashion Show.

HUMBOLDT HELVENSTON

"Humpty"

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1922, Microbe of Love, Junior Editor News Box, Tri-County Debate (alternate).

JOE GRAFF

"Percival"

One year P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1923, Captain Debate Team, Captain Track Team, Baseball.

AUDREY NOYES

"Aud"

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1923, Girls' Pep Club.

JACK PAYNE

"John"

Two and one-half years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1923, "A Full House."

THEODORE POTTER

"Tedo"

Three years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1921, President Sophomore Class, Swimming Team, Basketball; 1922, Swimming Team, Jazz "4"; 1923, Minstrel, Manager Football Team, R. O. J. A.

KATHELYN GRAY

"Kathleena"

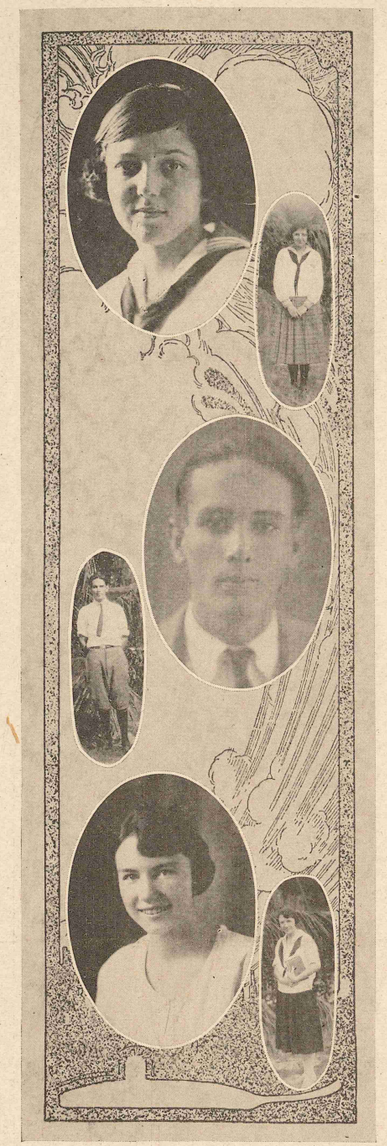
Six months P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. Cicero Circle.

Married Imogene Anthony daughter

ELLIOTT GROSS

"Bill"

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1921, Swimming Team; 1922, Captain Swimming Team; 1923, Merchant of Venice, R. O. J. A.



Married

EVELYN MITCHELL

"Hip"

Three and one-half years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1921, Chorus, Tennis Team; 1922, Chorus, Microbe of Love, Christmas Carol, Tennis Team; 1923, Joke Editor Royal Palm, Tennis Team, Minstrel, Senior Glee Club, Merchant of Venice, Senior Play, President Pep Club, Debate Team, Swimming, Cicero Circle, Bohemian Girl.

DON MCGINLEY

One year P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. Baseball, R. O. J. A.

AMY BROWN

Three and one-half years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1921, Chorus; 1922, Chorus, Glee Club, Microbe of Love, Christmas Carol; 1923, Senior Glee Club, Minstrel, Bohemian Girl, Girls' Pep Club.

ELIZABETH IDNER

Four years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1922, Chorus; 1923, Chorus, Girls' Glee Club.

LENEA STROMBERG

Three years P. B. H. S.; West Palm Beach. 1922, Tri-County Debate; 1923, Merchant of Venice.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS

THE NAME of the State of Florida, under the Great Seal of the Commonwealth, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-three, and in jurisdiction of the High School of Palm Beach County. Amen.

We, the Seniors of 1923, being sound in body and in mind (?), do hereby make and publish this as our last true will and testament:

1. To the JUNIORS we bequeath our dignity and pride which has won us world-wide fame. The children of today are the men and women of tomorrow; likewise, the little Juniors of this year are the dignified Seniors of next year.

2. We give and bequeath to the SOPHOMORES our high scholastic standing and may their troubles be little.

3. To the FRESHMEN we give and bequeath our graduating honors and Senior privileges. We hope Palm Beach High will be as proud of them as they are of us.

4. To the members of the FACULTY and those connected with it we leave our sincerest thanks and appreciation for all they have done for us.

To the JUNIORS we personally bequeath the following:

1. I, DOROTHY MOORE, give, devise and bequeath to George Strickland my charge account at the battery service station.

2. I, WADE SUTTON, give, devise and bequeath to Eugene Hults my envied position as the shiek of Palm Beach High.

3. I, MAUDIE PIERCE, give, devise and bequeath to Oscar Frantz my everlasting and noticeable pride which he has so long desired. To him I also leave my list of excuses on "Why I did not get home on time." Guaranteed not to fail.

4. I, JOSEPH SCHREBNICK, give, devise and bequeath to Richard Harris my valuable Irish blarney, which is necessary in obtaining Senior dues.

5. We, GRACE ADAMS and AMY BROWN, give, devise and bequeath to Luther Drew our distinctive colored stationery—passionate pink envelopes with attractive purple letter paper to match.

6. I, ALFRED STYPMANN, give, devise and bequeath to Allen Pence my privilege of coming to school at any hour or time that I get good and ready to come.

7. I, DOLLIE HARTER, give, devise and bequeath to Sion Hawkins and Zella Adams my seat in the city park, Smoke Section, Bench 1, Seat 1.

8. I, HUBERT SHARP, give, devise and bequeath to Mary McGeagh my seat in English Room. Easily converted into a bed in case you feel an overwhelming desire to snatch forty winks.

9. I, ELIZABETH IDNER, give, devise and bequeath to Elsie Causier all my accomplishments as a social butterfly.

10. I, PORTER TAYLOR, give, devise and bequeath to Laurence Hampton the secret of my success with the girls which is, "Treat them well and treat them often." I have always found chewing gum to be particularly acceptable.

11. I, VIOLA WHIDDEN, give, devise and bequeath to Clifford Spitzer my peculiar ability as an aesthetic dancer.

12. I, DONALD MCGINLEY, give, devise and bequeath to Lester Duer my motto, "Love thy neighbor." If she won't let you, try, try again.

13. I, DORIS GROSS, give, devise and bequeath to Camille Taylor my sweet, childish ways and my innocence.

14. I, HENRY BAKER, give, devise and bequeath to Verda Filer my position as chaperone for young ladies on long trips.

15. I, DOROTHY HALSEY, give, devise and bequeath to Warren King my chewing gum, one half I swallowed while arguing with Maudie Pierce on the subject of "Men." One-fourth was borrowed and never returned, but the rest may easily be found in a neat wad 50 feet from the Campus Shop, anywhere between Study Hall and the Stanley Theater.

16. We, ELVIN BASS and HOWARD CROMER, give, devise and bequeath to Robert Hepburn the dollar bill we lost while shooting er-r—marbles with the Freshmen.

17. I, JEANETTE TRIMMER, give, devise and bequeath to Harold Jones my vanity case, 2x3 inches, containing my bathing suit and other valuable articles.

18. I, LLOYD FINDLEY, give, devise and bequeath to Harry Griffin my extreme mental and physical activity; also my ability to draw a crowd at noon in the Study Hall.

19. I, CHRISTINE MCCAMPBELL, give, devise and bequeath to John Allen my book on "How to Remain Young and Innocent, Though a Senior."

20. I, GUY GREWELL, give, devise and bequeath to Mildred Rood my precious mouth which is known to the outside world as "Restaurant"—since it is open day and night.

21. I, MITTIE STEEN, give, devise and bequeath to Gladys Miller my golden tresses and black hairnet, used only two years. One strand of hair to be preserved in alcohol and placed in the Museum of Natural History.

22. We, ELLIOTT GROSS and PERRY MCCAMPBELL, give, devise and bequeath to Della Ross our thoughts of taking Virgil. It's surer than poison.

23. I, MARY LEE KRAUSS, give, devise and bequeath to Katharine Rickards my ruby lips. Hoping she will use them as much as I have.

24. I, JOSEPH GRAFF, give, devise and bequeath to Marie Waalewyn my eglomerated sophisticated vocabulary of incomprehensible words.

25. I, FLORA JESKE, give, devise and bequeath to John Rocker my most dignified position as official bell ringer and time-keeper in the Study Hall.

26. I, HERBERT GIBSON, give, devise and bequeath to Thelma Cullem one sailor boy's white dress hat, slightly worn, which carried the musical word "Tut" on the back and the letters "R. O. J. A." beautifully printed on the front.

27. I, BEULAH BARTO, give, devise and bequeath to Magda O'rosz my experience along several different lines, acquired while in DeLand.

28. We, HUMBOLDT HELVESTON and BERNADINE COX, give, devise and bequeath to Stella Ross our connection with the "Pathe News"—Sees all—knows all.

29. I, MARGE WEADOCK, give, devise and bequeath to Leah Allison my fickle mind and I hope it does not get her into as much trouble as it has me.

30. I, JAY JANKOSKY, give, devise and bequeath to Pauline Moore my polite form of eating pickles and my book of "Bright and Witty Speeches", which I have found invaluable.

31. I, EDNA MORRIS, give, devise and bequeath to Robert Oliver my loud ways which I hope will cure him of his seemingly incurable bashfulness.

32. I, ROMAN LESZCZYNSKI, give, devise and bequeath to Bernice Rood my last pair of ten-cent eyelashes, extra long, only worn 365 days last year.

33. I, EVA POTTS, give, devise and bequeath to Rebecca Wiggins, Wade's telephone number, the dearest thing I possess.

34. We, BALDWIN OLHABER and BERYL LEWIS, give, devise and bequeath to Elizabeth Williams our noted treatise on "Evaporation of Solids." Great success with a few Seniors. Guaranteed to fail.

35. I, LENEA STROMBERG, give, devise and bequeath to Welty Compton my most exclusive and tidy desk in the extreme southwest corner of the Study Hall, including all chewing gum and cosmetics.

36. I, GRETNA MCCLAIN, give, devise and bequeath to Marietta Clark my extreme bashfulness which I have tried earnestly to overcome without success.

37. I, CARL PRICE, give, devise and bequeath to Wilifred Carswell a little of my extra height.

38. I, BETTY FULLER, give, devise and bequeath to Ruth Warner my ability to take the place of any teacher in the High School.

39. I, JACK PAYNE, give, devise and bequeath to Elizabeth Coffey my acrobatic accomplishments.

40. I, MYRTICE POWERS, give, devise and bequeath to Norris Hutcheson my vampish looks acquired from wearing hats cocked over one eye.

41. I, ERMA STRICKLAND, give, devise and bequeath to Dale Noyes my generous amount of pep which was all that carried me through High School.

42. I, FLORENCE HOLSTLAW, give, devise and bequeath to Elma Jackson my services as general utility expert in the Senior Class, the ability to fill any office well at short notice.

43. We, MARION GLEASON and KATHELEEN GRAY, give, devise and bequeath to Laura Jane Devereux our recklessness of Study Hall rules and gayety of manner, trusting they will prove as profitable to her as to us.

44. I, BROOKS REED, give, devise and bequeath to Lucy Hart my ability to write. Here is a free sample: "The grandest thing in nature is man; the most glorious thing is a woman; the most beautiful a little girl, and the biggest conundrum, a little Senior Boy."

45. I, "HIP" MITCHELL, give, devise and bequeath to William Mobley my talent as merry maker. I, like Santa Claus, have made many sad hearts glad. Never broke a heart I didn't try to mend.

46. I, TED POTTER, give, devise and bequeath to Orren Van Valkenburg my ability to make a saxaphone talk; also my ability to darn socks.

47. I, GLADYS DOWDA, give, devise and bequeath to Dorothy Baldwin a Pall Mall cigarette butt, almost new.

48. We, BESSIE WILSON and MILDRED MCPHAIL, give, devise and bequeath to Clara Ramsey a knowledge of how to do anything and do it well.

49. I, DOROTHY SMITH, give, devise and bequeath to Ernest Burton my loose curl, also Hamlet, Macbeth and my copy of the Flapper.

50. I, ANDREY NOYES, give, devise and bequeath to Katherine Wright my entrancing giggle, which was bequeathed to me by a member of class '22.

51. I, MARGARET LUTZ, give, devise and bequeath to Margaret Johnson the privilege of holding hands with Rhubarb Vaselino.

52. I, RUTH VALLOWE, give, devise and bequeath to Christie Summers my small vanity case, containing powder puff, rouge, lip stick, eyebrow pencil, stick of gum, lace handkerchief, one gum drop, nail file, one small deck of cards, a pair of dice and one secret.

53. I, BUSTER HOLLEY, give, devise and bequeath to Douglas Hunter my ability to refrain from being conceited.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the said parties of the first part hereunto set their hand and seal.

THE CLASS OF '23.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of Dorothy Halsey.

CLASS PROPHECY

THIS day I turned my four hundredth year. I have no friends that to me are dear. No more drink I of the fountain of youth. Time drags out the years and more. I know what I will do. Bring here to me my aeroplane and we will all the pleasure know. Ah! up we soar and leave behind us the dull old earth and rise to the stars. The clouds are light and pretty here and now through them a planet draws nigh. It grows and grows till I can see that I will land on solid ground.

Dear me, I wish I knew what kind of hills or holes are those. It would be sad to find the end of a pleasant journey steeped in mud. Now here we are all safe and sound, and who is that so jolly and fat? He has long whiskers and a cap, and, look! my goodness! how he can laugh. It almost makes me think that I have ended back in Fairyland.

"My little man, what place is this?"

"They call it 'Mars', but we're peaceful here. You want adventure. You shall see—" and he tapped his foot gleefully. Then suddenly before my eyes there rose a golden staircase, with Father Time ascending there. "You're lonely," said the little old man. "I see upon your finger there a ring of the class of '23 in Palm Beach High School, so you see I bring to you your friends this day." And then upon the stair I saw—Margaret Lutz and Dorothy Smith. Then Margaret turned and said, "We have a shop of millinery, and make a hat for every one that comes to us from every land."

Before my eyes they fade away, and another comes. "I'm Marion Gleason, and I hold the happiness of wedded life and my husband."

Before I scarcely see her well, the place is filled by Porter Taylor and Beryl Lewis. They bow and say that they have been and ever are the owners of a mercantile house, where everything is sold.

Just as I begin to feel at home, Lloyd Findley comes before my sight and by the books beneath his arm I know he keeps them night and day.

And now the glistening stairs look pale beside two maidens fair to see—Maudie Pierce, who is champion tennis player, and Ruth Vallowe, as society queen in Pittsburgh.

Hardly their shadows leave the stairs when Evelyn Mitchell is standing there and soon she starts to dance and says that now she dances on the stage with Guy Grewell as her dandy partner.

Who see I here? Wade Sutton and his charming bride. The Gretna of my bright school days. He's very rich and so I hope they enjoy life and all their wealth.

After them comes a statesman known. Of course Joe Schrebnick's very modest, but I can tell success by his very smile.

Again I see some maidens fair. The brunette and the blond. Myrtice Powers and Dorothy Moore, who have a kindergarten class in Palm Beach High School.

Brooks Reed! My gracious, how they change! With books and ruler, cap and gown, I'd never know except when speech does give me clue to the teacher there.

Another blond and her chum I see. Dot Halsey and Audrey Noyes, who are stenographers.

Great good has come from this brave one. Buster Holley, still so tall, is a missionary and greatly liked I can well think. Then Elizabeth Idner in Japan can teach the kiddies everything, if I can tell by the way she talks.

Ah, here is Beulah Barto, of great success, I mark! But what is that? A cat? And that? A canary? You never can tell who is going to be the old maid.

You say you came from the great Wild West? Why, Howard, how is that? And you're tapping for gold? Good luck, and I hope you find lots, soon. Jack Payne comes on after him and he carries in his hand a bunch of prunes. "I raise them in old California," he says, "but I must be going on."

Who is this girl with such a live air? "I must hurry or my director will fuss." So out passes Florence, a movie star, who's making a picture to come out soon.

I see upon the golden stair two white-clad figures, spooky. But they call out their names—Jay Jankosky and Alfred Stypmann—and tell of the good they have done for that organization.

Next Lenea Stromberg standing there. She says she is a teacher, too, of Expression at Oberlin College. And now beside her stands Grace Adams who runs a beauty parlor—the nicest in the South.

As they fade out, two others come—Don McGinley and Jeanette Trimmer,—who say they are spending their honeymoon in the world traveling around.

Right after them come two brave boys — Baldwin Ohlhaber and Hubert Sharp—who spend their time in the snowy North trapping animals for furs.

Henry Baker, a politician? My word, he looks like a lord!

Here trips a little lass, but e'en tho' little, she can play, and she does so, too, at the theater. Bernadine Cox, of course, can't make all the music, so Tedo helps her with his sax.

Dollie Harter here is a U. S. champion speed typist gay, while her old chum, Amy is the President's secretary.

Some people say that women can't farm. Here's Viola Whidden, who can simply charm everything she wants right out of the ground. And here is Elliott who buys the things she grows and then he sends them far and wide to every state around dear old Florida.

Why, here's Marge Weadock, a social service worker, and Humboldt, who would say she's also a heartbreaker. Poor Humboldt first fell quite hard for sweet Marge, and then he tried Mittie but to no avail, for Mittie is painting— (she's a model herself and didn't have time for such stuff.) At last he got brave and wrote a good book and has continued to write for a livelihood.

Two men in white appear. How important they look! Joseph Graff, a physician, and Elvin Bass, a doctor of dentistry.

Now we all love talent and want genius to burn. Well, Bessie had both. Her books are the talk of the country at large. With her I see Kathleen Grey, who is the best beloved teacher in all Palm Beach High.

Carl Price runs a studio, but he only photographs men. My goodness! How can he?

A brother and a sister now descend the stairs. Together they write comedies—Christine and Perry McCampbell.

Here's another little golden haired, Flora Jeske, and her partner, Edna Morris. They run a stylish clothing store, and are very successful, too.

Now I see Herbert Gibson, a writer of jokes, and Roman Leszczynski, who plays well enough, they say, to delight the most Polish of hearts.

Eva Potts, as an instructress of swimming, is now in Columbia University and is well known in athletic circles all around.

Who are these three merry girls, Mildred and Erma, and dear, lively Gladys, all making a tour of Europe and making it gay with their laughter I guess.

Marilee! Marilee! Well I remember the joys and the cut-ups that we had together. But now you are married, and happy, I know.

And here is Doris Cross who sings so high the stars flutter in their orbits. And this beauteous maiden clad in the abbreviated bathing suit—horrors! Betty Fuller, a Mack Sennet star.

No more on the golden stairs I see. My airship moves upward by an unseen force and the joys are over, as in a dream. But long will I feel the feeling I felt as my friends passed before me and I wished them good luck. And don't forget, too, that though I am old, in Mars a hundred days is but one, and if they had passed from our world long ago, they were just arriving up there you know.

CLASS HISTORY

ONCE upon a time, in the dim dark ages of four long years ago, an enthusiastic but somewhat fearful army of Freshmen, led by the noble Commander Dopkins, advanced upon and besieged with much storm and clamor, the Royal Temple of Knowledge at West Palm Beach.

This wonderful edifice, shining in the truth and learning which it harbored in its depths, stood on a hill, looking to the east upon a glorious shimmering expanse of sunlit ocean waves, and to the west upon a large, clear limpid lake. From its high tower, one could look down into the valley and see the roofs of houses almost hidden beneath the thick green foliage of countless species of trees.

Now in this Temple dwelt the mighty armies of the other classes, called Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. Terrible ogres and monsters were also inhabitants, but they were subservient to the wills of their masters and rulers, the Classes. The Freshmen tried to be friendly with the armies of the Classes, but from the odious monsters such as Latin, Algebra and History, they shrank with terror. However, they rallied their courage and made a most memorable attack, which ended in their complete victory.

The Temple was divided into four great Halls, in each of which dwelt certain of these monsters. As history continually repeats itself, every year a new army would enter the Temple, battle with the creatures in the first Hall, and defeat or be defeated by them, as the case might be. If the army were victorious, it would proceed to the next Hall and there wage terrific battle with the second group of opponents.

This Freshman army, as we have said, fought valiantly and was victorious. It was now almost a year since its aggressive campaign had begun and the tired soldiers wanted rest, but their peace was short-lived, for another battle was inevitable.

The army, taking the new name of Sophomores, took up arms and went gallantly into the fray. The portals of the second Hall were rent asunder and, under the direction and leadership of Lockhart, the army was again the victor. These successes naturally inspired the soldiers with confidence, so, after a few months of peaceful pursuits, reports of a third war were rumored abroad.

Finally, in the month of September, on a bright, golden morning, shouts and ringing bells announced the beginning of another conflict. The army, under the appellation of Juniors and led by the gallant General Weaver, with flying banners, marched down to the third Hall. The doors opened under the strain of their violent onrush and their enemies fled precipitately, although some, more daring than the others, remained, fighting desperately. However, the battle ended in their defeat and the Juniors celebrated their glorious victory by giving a great banquet. The great Senior army preceding them were the guests of honor, and no expense was spared to make the grand affair a supreme success. After the banquet, a dance was given, during which Juniors and Seniors forgot all Class reserve, mingling happily in an atmosphere of rare good feeling and geniality.

About a month later, the Senior army moved to another encampment, leaving the Juniors to take its place. In three months everything was ready and the new Senior Class ceremoniously entered the Fourth Hall.

Great was the respect and esteem in which this class was held. The other classes looked with awe upon it and wondered about the time when they, too, would bear the honored, distinctive name of "Seniors."

When the Seniors entered into battle for the fourth time, they fought valiantly for the post which was to be their crowning victory, *Graduation*. Their way was barred by still more frightful monsters but even the most formidable of their adversaries fell back against the steady, persevering advance of the determined Seniors. Led by the gallant Weaver, they won battle after battle, leaving their footprints in the corridors of the Temple of Knowledge.

One of the greatest battles of the year was that of Athletics. In this skirmish, many soldiers won great distinction and received medals of merit. But the greatest triumph came last of all.

This triumph was the receiving of the Diplomas, for which the deserving Seniors had labored long and earnestly. They were now qualified to undertake greater tasks. The all-knowing, dignified Senior! How he stands out in the memory of succeeding ages!

—FLORA JESKE.

SENIOR

Trying to Sing Caused Gregna To Die. Here's Hoping She Doesn't Try it on High.

Margaret Lutz To Accident Was Killed from walking pigeon toed.

Here Lies Guy. His Laugh Made Him Die.

Here Lies Roman Luszczynski. His Name Caused His endski

Gladys Dowda lies here in peace. Her love for Peas caused Her decease

Joseph Craft, here again will be Heard for he Choked while Uttering an Extremely Big word

Here Flora Jeste lies. Her noisiness Was too Unwise.

Here Lies Maudie Asleep, Never Again will She Oversleep

Carter Taylor Here doth lie. He lived too long The Social butterfly

Lewis Canto Was a good old buddy But She died at last From too much Study

Hombuss Halverstein Lies Herein. Arguing Knocked Him Thin

Here Tuttle Gibson Reposes, The way he Argued— Goodness Knowses!

Here Lloyd Findley lies Asleep. Losing his Girl, buried Him deep

Donald McGinley, We're afraid Died from Making an occasional grade.

Here Lies Wade in All The Cold He Died Because He was Too Bald.

Trying in Class meetings To keep order Sent poor Henry Baker Over the border.

Too much Society for Amy Brown Caused this Lass to leave The town.

Dollie Harter, sad To say, Died from Being a little Too gay.

While Young Betty was a Lovely child, But She Finally Died From Being Too wild

Here Lies Evelyn Mitchell, Her Talking was Too Habitual

At last poor Bessie Rests in calm. She died from The worry of The Faculty Exam

Here Lies Good ole Joe, Laziness Made Him Go.

Brooks' First Case of Love Sent Him To Rest Above.

Dorothy Halsey, it is Understood, Died from Being a little Too good.

Jeannette Trimmer Should have Watched her Step. She expired from Having too Much pep.

Here lies Elliott Gross We must tell, He spent Too Much time at The Richmond Hotel.

Peryl Lewis A youth so Entrancing. Died because of His Dancing.

Here lies Grace, who Contrary to Rule, Died from Going Too often To School.

Jay Jantesky At his best Was a little Too quiet, So he went West.

Elizabeth Idler lies Beneath this Stone. Being too loud Sent her home.

GRAVEYARD

Marilee Krauss, a gal Little lark, Died from Being Too much To the park

Pork Was Mass Wafted up Above, On Billows of Prince Albert's Love.

Erma Reached the Heavenly clime By strenuous Efforts to Wake up time.

Here lies Dorothy Moore Living for her Was too much Of a bore.

Peace be With thee, Edna Morris She died from Doing so much Nursing for us.

Mildred McPhail has Met her doom, Tom working Too hard in Hebbert's Lunch room.

Christine McCampbell Was a charming Lass but Writing poetry Made her draw Her last.

Audrey Noyes, well Known to us, Died from Making a Terrible fuss.

Perry McCampbell A lad so bold, One kissed A girl and Then went cold

Eva Pate A dreamy Little maid Died because Of her love For Wade.

A quiet little chap He was Tied himself In a knot And couldn't get Back

Here lies Carl Price Gone at last His death was Caused by Taking too Fast

RESERVED FOR Miss Weaver

Here lies Alfred Joe Hope he is Cool, His Greatest crime Was being on Time at school

Here lies Ort Smith She is gone For Reducing was The death of her.

Here lies Hubert Sharp Let Him Sleep Until He has Found the Secret of Keeping Still

Mittie Steen has Gone for sure Her necklessness Was more Than She could Endure

Here lies Howard whose Death was Terse. He Died from his Love of the Hotel Waiter

Poney Ohlhaber Rests below He died of A spark from His radio.

The grass is green over Poor old Ted, Who died from Book reports Others had read

Martin Fish Wallowe doth Lie. Sleepiness Was her Alibi.

Marge Weadock Une petite Jeune maid Died from Going To the Calgade

Renea Stromberg Lives no More. Cosmetics Killed her! Cruel drug Store

Here lies Poor Doris Under Cover She hit a High note And couldn't get Over.

Bernadine Cox lies Here below. She died From being So very slow.

Here lies Myrtle Powers, who Died of Grump. Comit the Flowers.

Here lies Marion Bleasom Who ate Oysters out Of season.

Here lies Buster Holley Who died When his Ford Hit a Trolley.

Here lies Elvin Bass. He died for Fear he Wouldn't pass

Here lies Viola in a Trance, This ends Her last Interpretative Dance.

—TAYLOR—

TO MY DIPLOMA

(Apologies to Wm. Shakespeare.)

When to the thoughts of my well developed Senior brain,
I summon up remembrances of four years past,
I sigh the Freshies' lack of knowledge once again;
As at his studies, like fishers, he blindly makes his cast:
Then can I ruin my complexion, unused to tears,
For precious Sophs, hid in the midnight hours study light
And weep afresh the Junior's year,
As for a passing grade he bravely fights his fight.
Then can I grieve for the Senior when he finds
He needs five credits so to win the prize.
And nobly buckles down T' the grind,
And earns his title—dignified and wise.
But if the while he thinks on thee, dear friend,
All lessons are made easy, troubles end.

—Eva Potts.

JUNIORS

JUNIOR CLASS

OFFICERS

President ..... CHRISTIE SUMMERS
Vice-President ..... ALLEN PENCE
Secretary ..... KATHARINE RICKARDS
Treasurer ..... OSCAR FRANTZ
Sponsor ..... MISS DOROTHE LOCKHART

Colors ..... *Orange and Blue*
Flower ..... *Alamanda*
Motto ..... *Ad Astra*

OTHER MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR CLASS ARE:

Dorothy Baldwin
Lester Duer
Harry Griffin
Pauline Moore
John Rocker
Camille Taylor
Rebecca Wiggins

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

IN THE dim and remote past several unassuming but ambitious children crept tremblingly toward high school. Were we to face such products of green verdure today it is possible we would not have recognized them as the present class of '24.

Nevertheless, we held our own with Elliott Babcock as president, and were well represented in all athletics.

The next year we demonstrated what a pleasing effect a few months of rest have upon the mind of the modern youth. For within the first few months we had already had a class meeting and had elected Luther Drew as president. Again many athletes made themselves known in our class, while society was beginning to have a gentle influence upon our members.

The following year, P. B. H. S. was overjoyed once more by the favor of our presence. A class meeting was soon held and Christie Summers was elected president. With the aid of Miss Jayne Dorothe Lockhart as sponsor, he attempted to quell the knowledge-craving minds of the Juniors.

This year the unusual brightness and remarkable intellect of the class is indeed a fact recognized by the school as a whole.

In the class of '24 there were six "letter men." In basketball, baseball and swimming much of the material came from the Junior Class, while "Sy" Hawkins, the outstanding athlete of the year, is a member of this "wonder class."

Altogether girls;
First verse;
One, two, three;
"Ray for our side."

JUNIOR CLASS SONG

VERSE: *(To tune of "The Japanese Sandman.")*

There's a fact that we accept as true,
I'll wager you know it, too,
That not so many years ago,
A class started up to school—
Braving depths of knowledge that
A strong will alone might do;
Climbing up the ladder without
Breaking a single rule—
Upward, safe and true,
Till school days near are through.

CHORUS: *(To tune of "I Think You're Absolutely Wonderful.")*

To be a Junior it's absolutely wonderful!
We'll tell the world it's true!
We'll tell the world it's true!
We roll the ball in Athletic Society,
With colors streaming, and all our honors gleaming;
Peppy, we'll always find a smile
Just Juniors we would ever be—
How could any Junior class be beat?
In Palm Beach High none better will you meet—
You tell 'em and send it out by radio —
We're Juniors — Juniors Inc.!!!

—By RUTH WARNER AND GLADYS MILLER.

YEAH!

SCENE: A beaver-board edifice (slightly worn) called P. B. H. S. "gym."
TIME: For the basketball game to begin.
CHARACTERS: A gentleman, a lady, and a yell-leader.

The Lady—"Why, I didn't know Josephine had a date with Bill tonight! I wonder what they could say to each other? She always talks so foolish—and he's so practical, don't you think?"

The Gentleman—"Yeah."

(Ten minutes later)—*The Lady*—"Good heavens! where did Mary pick up That? She always did have a mania for doing crazy things, don't you think?"

The Gentleman—"Yeah."

(Ten minutes later. Referee blows whistle.)

The Gentleman—"Well, thank the good Lord, they've started!" (Louder): "Allright, team! We're with you Ky-eds! Go to it, Sy!—that's showin' 'em!"

The Lady—"What's that funny little boy back there with the big mouth talking so loud about?"

The Gentleman—"Yeah. How about a basket down there? 'Yay, team!"

Yell Leader—"Allright, gang! Let's send 'em back to the woods—Let's go—BACK, BACK—".

(Two minutes later—small amount of chaos cleared up.)

The Lady—"The boy in front of us that was dancing with his mouth—what was he?"

The Gentleman—"Yeah—Oh, Guy! I know you could do it Sport! 'Yay! Break that up down there!"

The Lady—"Look at that funny hat Elizabeth has on!"

Yell Leader—"Allright, gang! Let's send 'em back to the woods—Let's go! Back, BACK—"

The Lady—"Did he say 'go get a Cadillac'?—Say that big building back of me must have decided to rest his foundations on my pedes. Can't you do something about it?"

The Gentleman—"Yeah—Oh, blah-a-a for Miami!"

Yell Leader—"Allright, gang! Let's send 'em back to the woods! Let's go, BACK BACK—!"

The Lady—"Oh, me! This is getting too much for my weak nervous system! I—there's going to be a dance after the game?"

The Gentleman—"Yeah—Oh what? A dance? Naw—lose too much money on 'em. We want a basket! WE want a basket! We want a basket! We want a —"

The Lady—"What! Not going to be a dance? Well, good heavens! Why did you bring me up here? Well, anyway my feet are so stepped on, I don't think I can even walk."

(One-half hour later—on way home.)

The Lady—"Well, it sure was a dandy ole game, wasn't it? Tell you what I'm always bettin' on P. B. H. S. Best school in the State. But, say, really now, wasn't that a funny hat Elizabeth had on?"

The Gentleman—"Yeah."

COMME CA!

(With apologies to Kipling.)

When the last excuse has been written,
And your ink has blotted and dried,
And Miss Lorance has accepted and filed it,
And our friends with relief have sighed,
We shall rest.
And faith we shall need it—
Lie down for a month or two,
'Til our principal, Mr. Gordon,
Shall set us to work anew.

And they that have worked shall be happy,
They shall leave in an orange Ford,
And ride 'til the moon overtakes them,
And then stop of their own accord.
They shall have three kinds of cream to choose from,
Strawberry, vanilla and peach,
They shall dance for an age to "You're Kidding"
And never at Art try to reach.

And only our aunts shall scold us,
And only our uncles shall blame,
And no one shall work for anything,
But take life just as a game.

Then when we are back in our High School,
And have finished working some Chem,
We shall dream, and worship, and long
For the God of things as we want Them.

—KATHARINE RICKARDS, *Junior.*

SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORE CLASS

OFFICERS

President ..... ROBERT MCDONALD
Vice-President ..... ROY MOORE
Secretary ..... ELIZABETH TEMPLETON
Treasurer ..... PHIL PENCE
Sponsor ..... MR. CREARY HAMILTON
Mascot ..... MISS IMOGENE ANTHONY

Flower ..... *Black-eyed Susan*

Motto ..... *"B²"*

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

Allan Bagley
Estelle Baker
Velaire Barto L.B.C.
Dorothy Bigelow L.B.C.
Emerson Brown
Paul Brown
Jeanette Butts L.B.C.
Charles Caesar
Cora Collins
Louie Carter
John Corbin
Colin Cox
Dorothy Clune L.B.C.
Angevine Currie
Willis Crow
Laura Devereux
Bessie Drew
Cameron Easterbrook
Charlotte Eckler
Monte Engel
Keith Ferrel
Dale Fiers
O'Rhea Fisher
Allegra Gates L.B.C.
Hugh Gibson
Lewis Goff
Fred Gunter
Ruth Ham
Lewis Hall
Helen Halpern
Virginia Harbridge
Pearl Herrick L.B.C.
Beaman Heyser
Ward Hoofnagle
Margaret Jackson
Griscom Johnson
H. T. Johnson
M. L. Jones
Ruth Jones
Marion Keen
Irene Leszczynski
Faybelle Lawrence
Gladys Long
Lake Lytal
Evelyn Macpherson
Thomas Matheson
Robert McDonald
Mary Lou MacLendon
Gifford Mitchell
Roy Moore
Grace Moss
Hardee Muller
Harold Munger
Alfred Palmer
Phil Pence
Marion Price
Delmar Plockelman
Elizabeth Pringle
Mary-Elizabeth Quinn L.B.C.
Grace Roach
Paul Semple
Edgar Sims
Allie Smith
Hazel Smith
Roma Story
Lois Strickland
Elizabeth Templeton
Casilda Tomasello
Charles Trimmer
Ernest VanLandingham
W. B. Wallace
Fred Wedler
Belle Whidden
Carl Widell
Lillian Wilson L.B.C
John Wilson
Edlo Wright
Charles Zablocki

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

THE Sophomore Class is distinguished in every possible way. It is the second largest class in High School; it has produced stars for every form of athletics; it has a reputation for giving parties at which "an enjoyable time was had by all"; and it contains some of the brightest, prettiest girls and some of the best-looking and most attractive boys to be found in P. B. H. S.

Many notables may be found in the Sophomore Class. Among them are the Brightest Student, Wittiest Girl, Prettiest Girl, Best Dancer (girl), Basketball Star, Football Star, Cutest Boy, Noisiest Girl, Fattest Boy, Skinniest Girl and Most Studious.

This is by no means a complete list of Sophomore celebrities; almost every member of the class is a most something—or a something-est.

Members of this class have also *been* responsible for the beginning and promotion of certain remarkable and entertaining clubs. Among those most noted are the L. B. C., the M. H., the K. P. Q., the X. Y. Z., the P. D. Q., and the W. H.

Thus, from these statistics, we conclude that P. B. H. S. would be rather dull and uninteresting without the Sophomores.

AN IDEAL EXAM

I. *(a)* Folies Bergere; *(b)* Pre Catalou; *(c)* three other places where you can get it.
II. Identify and differentiate between Babe Ruth and Babe LaTour; John Barleycorn and John Barrymore; Georges Clemenceau and Georges Carpentier.
III. Quote a stanza from your favorite song.
IV. What is a flapper?
V. Contrast the Polo Grounds and the Winter Garden.
VI. Define the following terms: bimbo, dumb-bell, oiled, upstage, necker.
VII. Describe in detail Put and Take. (Diagrams.)
VIII. Discuss recent tendencies in the price of liquor. Advance a possible cause for the rise.
IX. Trace the evolution of the Camel Walk.
X. Name your favorite comic weekly, including two of its artists in addition to Orsin Lowell.

THE BALLAD OF SWEET SACCHARINA

O Ye whose heartstrings vibrate to the sweet romance of yore,
Hear of sweet Saccharina, the queen of the candy store,
With eyes of Jordan almonds of deepest amethyst,
And lips like a big red gumdrop, just waiting to be kissed.
Her cheeks were tinged of cinnamon-drops on a beach of minty-white;
Her breath had the cloying fragrance of a Honeydew Delight;
The perfume of fresh-fried doughnuts was in her taffy locks,
And her smile was more than nougatines, at ninety cents a box.

'Twas on a summer's evening, with the soda flowing free,
When Gerald Glucose entered in and whispered ardently,
"Oh, sweetest of confections! Oh, Saccharina true!
I want a billion kisses, and I want them all from you!"
He stood there, tall and brave and strong as any lollypop,
And pled with eyes that would melt the heart of a stony lemon-drop,
"Be mine, sweet Saccharina! One word from thy cherried throat,
And I'll keep you in chocolate bonbons till Bryan gets the vote."

She nodded once; he took her off in his licorice limousine
To his Kandy Kitchen Kottage of sugary white and green,
Across a lime-drop lawn with peanut-brittle pathways thru,
With a gay hard candy garden, and a stone bench built for two.

Through thick and thin she clung to him, as on a summer's day
Taffy clings as you try to draw your sticky hand away.
They raised a batch of candy kids, and led, as years rolled around,
One long sweet life of kisses, at sixty cents a pound.

"SOPHOMORE CLASS SONGS" (1)

(Tune of "Dapper Dan.")

Tho' we've lost our place as Freshmen
That don't worry us,
Because we've got another grade awaiting
Down in sunny Soph'more-land.
And when we lose our place in Soph'more-land,
Then won't we feel big?
'Cause we'll be in the land of the Juniors
And we'll start to take up Trig!
When we leave the land of Juniors
Our heights at last are reached,
And we enter to the Land of Knowledge,
And sit there in the Senior seats!
Now, we ain't handsome, but hard we strive,
We're the only class in P. B. H. S. really alive—
We'll be some Senior class in 1925!

—CORA COLLINS, '25.

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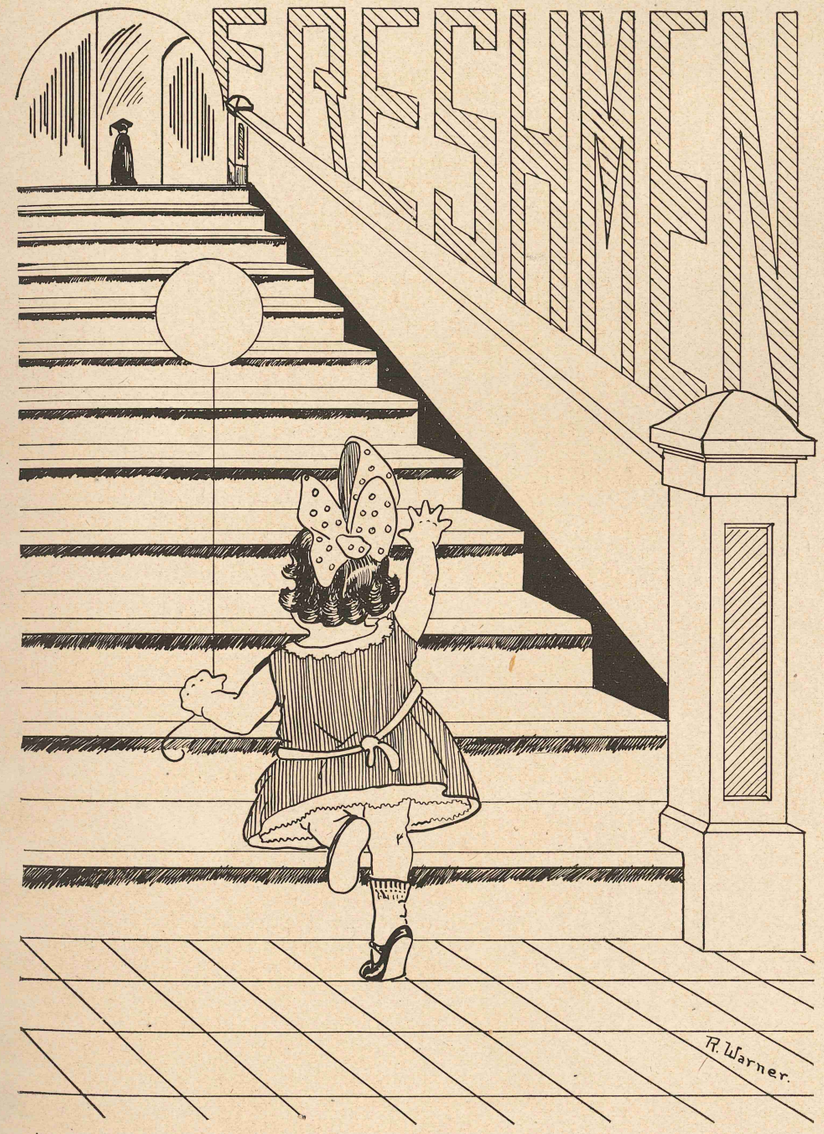
(2)

(Tune of "Stumbling.")

Soph'more here and there,
Soph'mores everywhere;
Long pants and bobbed hair,
Oh, don't you love to see them walk,
Love to hear 'em talk,
Love to see 'em balk,
Believe me, they're no fools,
Know more than's taught in school;
They got the stuff to go right through
With anything they do;
They'll put it through,
Come out on top, too.
You cannot meet 'em any time,
Cheat 'em any time,
Beat 'em any time;
They've got you puzzled,
They've got you muzzled,
For you are stumbling all around,
Tumbling all around,
For the Soph'mores dear.



In Memoriam

We dedicate this page in loving memory to our well beloved classmate, Morton Feuss, whose sudden and tragic death, on January twenty-eighth, 1923, has left a vacancy in our school which can never be filled. His cheerfulness and willingness to co-operate will always remain as an example to his classmates.

FRESHMAN GIRLS

CLASS OFFICERS

President	JAMES SKIPPER
Vice-President	FOX BIRD
Secretary	JESSE FRANTZ
Treasurer	GLEASON STAMBOUGH
Sponsor	MISS IMOGENE ANTHONY
Sponsor	MR. H. E. SPAULDING

Motto	*Excelsior*
Color	*Purple and Lavender*

FRESHMAN BOYS

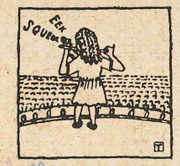
GIRLS			
Naomi Adams	Gertrude Hitschfeld	Mary Moore	Edward Maas
Lillian Allen	Margaret Holmes	Sadie Mae McDonald	Robert Moss
Lucile Baker	Frances Hoofnagle	Mary Potts	Douglas Potter
Phoebe Ball	Henriette Idner	Tommie Gray	Eugene Rasmussen
Allison Ballard	Jessie Ingham	Sabina Ryan	Jack Haynes
Mildred Bazemore	Bessie McCann	Grace Roach	John Miles
Elizabeth Bell	Dorothy McCormick		Elmer Rice
Almeda Bennette	Katherine McDonald	BOYS	David Sanderson
Neva Blakely	Mabelita McLane	George Allen	James Skipper
Jean Bland	Zoe McLaughlin	Willis Ball	Henry Snell
Wilhelmina Brandenburg	Frances Macpherson	Orval Berry	Gleason Stambough
Wilhelmina Brannon	Josephine Mendel	Fox Bird	Russell Sutcliffe
Thelma Branning	Mary Mendel	Edward Boggess	Benjamin Sweeting
Isabelle Bryant	Gladys Miller	Burbridge Compton	R. D. Taylor
Ruby Cagle	Helen Muzzy	Henry Evans	Edward Turner
Margaret Carthew	Nellie Newell	Jesse Frantz	Charles Wilson
Charlie Coleman	Grace Noble	*Morton Feuss	William Wansker
Frances Conklin	Louise Pierson	Franklin Fulce	Lee Findley
Betty Creamer	Jeanette Roberts	Ivan Gale	John Santerre
Corinne Dodge	Ruth Shearer	Edward Grant	Ashby Rice
Amy Fenno	Ethyl Sparks	Harold Hardwick	Wallace Shafer
Fanny Floyd	Viola Stambough	John Harper	Stanley Yarrow
Irene Gowen	Mildred Storey	Hadyn Harter	Malcolm Arthur
Tillie Gosch	Aline Strain	Victor Kuschel	Harvey Brown
Beth Harris	Cora St. Martin	Edwin Layman	Forrest Adan
Anice Hart	Beulah Watts	Lawrence Maher	Raymond Hatch
Robelle Henroid	Matilda Wilburt		Wilford Metzger
		*Deceased.	John Quincy

Grace Noble.

Henrietta Idner.

FRESHMEN REFLECTIONS

1. "Oh my, what would I do without my tennis racquet?"—G. N.



7. A follower of Kreisler.—H. I.

Margaret Carthew

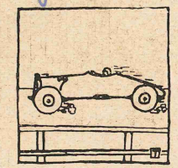
2. "May I have the next dance?"—M. C.-F. B.

8. "Some athlete."—G. S.

Fox Bird

Ben Harris

3. "Oh, Mister Gallagher—!" —B. H.



9. "On the last lap."—J. F.

James Skipper

4. "Will the meeting please come to order."—J. S.

10. Will he be Mark Twain's successor?"—H. E.

Margaret Holmes

Jesse Engram

5. "Hey-Overguarding." — M. H.-J. I.

11. "Let me explain to you, ladies and gentlemen."—F. M.

Katherine McDonald.

6. "Gee! the water's cold!"—K. M.

12. "I've studied my head off for these old exams."—J. B.

COMMERCIALS

COMMERCIAL CLASS

OFFICERS

President ..... WALTER CLOPTON
Vice-President ..... ELMA JACKSON
Secretary ..... OPLE WILLIAMS
Treasurer ..... MIGNONNE ST. MARTIN
Sponsor ..... MISS JANET BUTTERFIELD

Colors ..... *Navy and White*
Flower ..... *Bougainvillea*
Motto ..... *Accuracy our aim, Success our goal*

COMMERCIAL STUDENTS

Vera Abrams
John Allen
Mabel Banta
Lester Carson
Walter Clopton
Ira Cromer
Neil Du Bois
Irma Duff
Anna Freer
Stanley Gleave
Lawrence Hampton
Mabel Ingram
Elma Jackson
Eleanor Jeske
Pauline Jones
Helen La Marre
Frances Letson
Dorothy Mahoney
Mary McCann
Edgar McLaren
Jack Moss
Morris Nelson
Rhoda Pearce
Le Roy Reiter
Janett Stephenson
Cora Sweeting
Mignonne St. Martin
Ruby Whiteside
Ople Williams
William Wilrycx
Katharine Wright

EDUCATION

In the early stages of history and civilization, there was no such thing as school. The elders gave their young such instruction as was found necessary, but only incidentally and as the need arose. In the days of the height of the Roman Empire, education was fairly established, yet it was a one-sided education, for it was generally put into practice that only boys should be educated. The boys were taught at home for the first seven years, after which they were sent to school under the *"Literator."* At twelve they were sent to another teacher where they studied literature, history, philosophy, poetry and Greek. As the need of education became more pronounced, the idea of educating boys only gave way for a more general system for all.

Civilization has come down through the ages, built by the forces of education. Where there has been no education there has been no civilization. Those nations that do not educate the masses will sooner or later be classified as the dying nations. Knowledge is power no less among nations than among men; and just as the untrained man cannot compete with the trained athlete, so the uneducated nation is helpless against the educated nation. What makes America a great and powerful nation is not because of great national resources, but because of the intelligence of her people, and this has all come about by a broad and comprehensive system of universal education.

ALBERT JOHNSTAD,
Commercial Instructor.

CLASS PROPHECY

New York City, January 1, 1923.

IT WAS half-past four. I had just come in from work and my room looked very inviting. The picture of old Palm Beach High on the wall, the several pennants pinned here and there at different angles, the snaps of my school friends brought back glad memories of the dear Commercial Class of '23. I had just got snugly settled when I heard a tap at the door. The postman handed me a large newspaper all wrapped carefully and, recognizing the beautiful handwriting of the penmanship champion, Miss Mable Ingram, I knew it was from my friend down in good old West Palm Beach. It was just what I wanted. Now I could read all the news about my good old pals again.

I hurried back to my chair and read the paper eagerly. My eyes naturally fell on the headline first. There it was in plain black and white, *"Mr. Wm. Wilrycx Makes Big Success-First Appearance on Stage."* And reading on further I see he is quite the rival of Valentino. Yes, he's it, when it comes to those romantic scenes. And Janett Stephenson, the heroine! Who'd a thought it! And look at that photograph of her—those eyes, yes, they have still that roguish look in them. Ah, let's glance over the recent arrivals at the Poinciana. Just think, it says here that Morris Nelson, the judge of the Supreme Court, has arrived at Palm Beach, after spending the summer in Germany studying law. Helen La Marre, the Follies girl, is in Palm Beach too I see. You remember Ople Williams, she is the private secretary of the President of the United States now, you know. Here's Walter Clopton's name; he is the leader of the Claxton Clopton Band, which is giving daily concerts in West Palm Beach.

Now this column over here is very interesting, and just listen to this would you: "Beauty Hints: If you want a rosy complexion, apply strawberry jam every night for two weeks. This is guaranteed to bring results. For further particulars, write Miss Katharine Wright, care The Breakers." Yes, I guess that's true, all right. I remember she had a complexion that everyone envied.

Why, Pauline, you have an advertisement in, too, and this is what she says: "The perfect way to reduce. Come and let me explain and see how easy it is. Very exclusive. Apply Pauline Jones." I turned over to the sport page and read: "Le Roy Reiter, the all-star tennis player has been seriously ill. Dr. John Allen says he will recover shortly. The cause is not known, but it is thought he ate too much at the dinner given by Miss Cora Sweeting, the noted cook." Let me read you this announcement: "Notice is hereby given that the 20th of July from this day forth will be declared a legal holiday. It is the birthday of our popular poetess, Miss

Eleanor Jeske." Signed, "Mayor Ira Cromer, City of West Palm Beach." I see that it goes on to say that Miss Jeske's name is on everyone's tongue today. Her beautiful poems portray her intense feeling and inspire us to greater efforts. Glancing over the advertising section I came across this: "Fancy Dress and Costume Designing. Done at Reasonable Prices. See Miss Ruby Whiteside at the Costume Shop." And this: "Public Stenographer at your service at the Handy Shop. You are sure to be pleased with Miss Mary McCann." Just listen to these want ads—did you ever: "Wanted—a permanent waver in first-class condition by Lorance Hampton. Box I C U." And this: "For Sale—Fresh fruits and vegetables from the famous Du Bois orchards and gardens. Phone Mr. Neil Du Bois at phone OUQT." Yes, and here are some penmanship specimens. They are by none other than Lester Carson. I remember how he used to practice the flourishes on the board. No, I'm not surprised.

My, this paper brings back the class of Commercials all right. It is getting late, but really I just have to read a few more. Here's something else: "Repair work and vulcanizing at A-1 satisfaction and price. See Stanley Gleave, the world-famous mechanic." Oh, and here is a professional card, mind you: "E. McLaren, Chiropractor, New York." And say, well of all things, Mignonne a writer! It says here she is over in France studying scenes and customs for her next book. And Dot Mahoney is the commercial teacher now. Yes, I remember she took first prize in shorthand. And Mabel Banta! It reads: "Miss Mabel Banta will show you how to dance in three lessons." Oh, but that is going some! Anna Freer, the swimming master, is intending spending the winter at Palm Beach, preparatory to the great international races to be held. And there's a program Miss Rhoda Pearce and her Chautauqua company are going to give. I'll have to see that; she is such a good reader, too. Jack Moss! Why, surely it isn't you who is the principal of Yale? That's a surprise, indeed, but, anyway, he's so studious it's to be expected.

Oh, isn't this glorious, and as I was going to say—there's the telephone. Hello! That you, Frances? Over on Sycamore avenue? Miss Letson's Hat Box? You own it? Oh, say, yes, I'll be right over. Good-bye.

ELMA JACKSON.

PALM BEACH

PALM BEACH has the advantage of having the prettiest name in Florida. The words Palm Beach suggest poetry, beauty, and scenes which delight even the dullest imagination. The name would linger in the fancy even if the fame of Palm Beach were unknown.

From a business standpoint, the name Palm Beach, so full of associations and mental pictures, is yearly worth many dollars to the city which it so aptly describes. It is one of the best advertisements, for the words Palm Beach suggest the balmy climate where palms grow; and bring to mind vivid impressions of sub-tropical growth and southern seas with the pleasures and delights which are always associated with warm happy days spent near the ocean. In an ice-locked northern town, desolate of leaf or flower, the lure of the name is irresistible.

Gifted with such a name and surroundings the aim of this city is to be the cleanest and most enjoyable place in the land. The citizens appreciate the privilege of living in such a wondrous place and are trying to fulfill their obligations by giving the best to the city and making it in truth ideal not only in name and surroundings, but in human relationship. The very word "Palm" suggests the right hand extended in the brotherly grip of friendship.

But it is not as difficult to select an attractive name, alive with meaning, as it is to have the city really live up to its name. You often hear of a town with a name which charms you, only to find it a mere station in an uninteresting setting. But who was ever disappointed in Palm Beach? On the contrary, everyone says, "This delightful place is even more beautiful than I pictured it." The great banyan trees, fruitful mango trees, royal palms, the poinsettias, the flame of the Royal Poincianas, the graceful cocoanut palms which will not live far from salt water, leaning over the shore; the southeast trade winds driving the blue water in toward the sands, the white-capped waves foaming and boiling as if from the heat of the Gulf Stream—that's Palm Beach.

JANET BUTTERFIELD.

THE STENOGRAPHER'S SECRET

SCENE I.

PLACE: Office of Geau & Ketcham.
TIME: About 10:30 A. M.
CHARACTERS: Miss Williams, private secretary to Mr. Geau.
"Catty" Kate, the self-satisfied typist.
Bessie, the blond bookkeeper.
Miss Bright, a stenographer.
Miss Bennett, a typist looking for a new position.

Miss Williams (admitting a pretty young lady): "No, Mr. Geau isn't in now. He will probably return in about fifteen minutes. Do you wish to wait for him?"

Miss Bennett: "Yeah, thanks! I reckon I'll wait a little while." (She sits down and looks around the office room). "Gee, but he's got a nice place here. At the other place where I worked at they didn't have nowheres near such elegant furnishings."

Miss Williams (trying not to appear amused): "Yes, Mr. Geau is proud of his office." (As an afterthought). "For whom did you work before?"

Miss Bennett: "Well, I worked for old Lawyer Brown for the last two months. He's the most particular person I ever seen. Him and me couldn't seem to get along. I expect maybe he thought I didn't have enough speed in typewriting, but I know I could write the fastest on a typewriter of anybody that was there. Howsomever, I expect I couldn't never of suited him, nohow."

Miss Williams (in an undertone): "What a shame! She doesn't seem to know that it was because of her poor English that she lost her position. She is an attractive-looking girl, and would surely be the right person to work for Mr. Geau if she could correct her speech."

SCENE II.

PLACE: The rest room.
TIME: About 3:30 P. M.
CHARACTERS: The office girls.

(The girls have assembled for a brief period of relaxation. They are discussing the merits and faults of the new girl).

Miss Williams (lying on the sofa and staring thoughtfully at the ceiling): "As I have said before, she is a dear, good-hearted girl. I'm sure I should love her, but we really cannot permit ourselves to associate with one who is so careless in her speech."

"Catty" Kate (yawning and heaving a big sigh): "Yes, she is quite impossible. It's a wonder the little dumbbell doesn't have sense enough to keep still."

Bessie (powdering her nose and giggling mirthfully): "Guess what I heard her say this morning? She asked the office boy if 'he didn't guess she'd oughta learn him—"

Kate: "Hush, here she comes!"

Miss Bennett (opening the door and walking slowly into the room): "Hello, there, you-all! Say, you oughta hear the good joke I heard this morning. The Boss said to the traveling salesman, 'What's this item on your expense account, 'Overhead expense, four dollars?' The traveling salesman answered, 'That was an umbrella I bought.' Wasn't that the limit? Gosh! look at the hole in my brand new dress! Them moths again. I wish I was a moth."

Miss Williams and *Miss Bright* together: "A moth! Why?"

Miss Bennett: "Yeah, they need the smallest amount of food. They live on holes."

(The girls all laugh, but exchange amused glances over her grammatical errors).

Miss Bright (twirling her handkerchief around her fingers): "I must go now, girls. I have some documents that must be copied."

"Catty" Kate: "Wait a moment. I'll go with you."

Bessie (rising uncertainly): "I think I'll go back, too, and finish my posting."

Miss Williams (rising from the sofa and leisurely walking toward the door): "It is early yet. I believe I'll go down to the drug store and get a Coca-Cola. Good-bye, Miss Bennett."

(When all the girls have gone, Miss Bennett sinks down hopelessly on the couch and buries her head in her hands, weeping bitterly.) "Oh, dear, what have I done? What shall I do? None of the girls won't hardly speak to me. The girls at home never done nothing like that. What's the use o' stayin' here, anyhow? I guess I might just as well quit. They'll be firing me next, anyway."

(The door suddenly opens and Miss Williams comes back into the room. She looks in silence at the poor girl and then a wave of pity and compassion sweeps over her. The utter dejection of the girl forces her to offer consolation and advice).

Miss Bennett (looking appealingly at Miss Williams and beginning to sob convulsively): "What had I oughta do? Why won't nobody speak to me? Oh, I'm so miserable. I want to go back."

Miss Williams (putting her arms around the girl and trying to comfort her): "My dear, I know how you feel, and you won't dislike me if I speak frankly? The girls snub you because, in your speech, you make many blunders. I have wanted to talk to you about it ever since you came here. You have, in all probability, never been taught about the aristocracy of the English language. Only those who have attained some degree of correctness in their manner of speaking can hope to keep their places in the social world. The aristocrats of the business world are just as snobbish as those of the social world. They will neither tolerate nor associate with anyone who falls below their level."

(Going to the table, she picks up a book entitled "The Business Man's English"). "Now, I am going to tell you a little secret. This is a book which will be very helpful to you if you will study it and improve your English. I have been guided by it ever since I came into this office. Without it I should probably never have reached the position I have. Remember my secret and you will soon make headway in the business world, as well as win the love and respect of the people in the office."

Miss Bennett (with the tears still in her eyes, but a smile on her face): "I'll never forget you, Miss Williams, for you've been so good to me. I am going to try hard to do what you have told me, and me and this book is sure going to get acquainted before this month is over."

—FLORA JESKE.

MISS IMOGENE ANTHONY
Girls' Athletic Coach

MR. H. E. SPAULDING
Boys' Athletic Coach

ATHLETICS

TEAM
TRACK
FOOT BALL
BASKET BALL
BASKET BALL
BASE BALL
CHEER LEADER
CAPTAINS

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

THE first meeting of the 1922-23 Athletic Association was held September 20, 1922. Mr. Spaulding explained that a governing body composed of Miss Anthony, Mr. Gordon and himself would be included in the Association.

For the first year in the history of athletics in P. B. H. S. an advisory board was formed to help athletics in this school. The members of this body hold some of the most responsible positions in the city.

Associate membership cards along with the student membership cards were sold to all who cared to join the Association who were not members of the faculty or student body. These cards admitted the purchaser to all home games during the season. The ordinary membership cards admitted all who held them to home games plus a charge of ten cents. The following officers were elected:

President ..... ALFRED STYPMANN
Secretary ..... BESSIE WILSON
Treasurer ..... HENRY BAKER
First Vice-President, Tennis ..... BERYL LEWIS
Second Vice-President, Football ..... SION HAWKINS
Third Vice-President, Basketball ..... CARL PRICE
Fourth Vice-President, Baseball ..... OSCAR FRANTZ
Fifth Vice-President, Swimming ..... ELLIOTT GROSS
Sixth Vice-President, Track ..... GUY GREWELL
Mascot ..... MISS LOCKHART
Reporter ..... WADE SUTTON

LETTER MEN

Allen, Baseball
Baker, Football (Capt.)
Burton, Football
Currie, Track (Mgr.)
Easterbrook, Baseball
Fiers, Baseball
Flood, Baseball (Capt.)
Frantz, Football, Baseball
Grewell, Basketball (Capt.)
Grubbs, Baseball
Hawkins, Football, Basketball
Holley, Football
Hunter, Basketball (Mgr.)
Lewis, Basketball
Lytle, Football
McDonald, Baseball (Mgr.)
Matheson, Baseball
Mobley, Football, Baseball
Moore, Football
Neilson, Baseball
Ohlhaber, Basketball, Track
Plockelman, D., Football, Basketball
Plockelman, R., Baseball
Potter, Football (Mgr.)
Price, Football
Strickland, Football
Summers, Football
Wright, Football, Basketball

FOOTBALL

STANDING—*Left to Right:* Mgr. Potter, Wilrycx, Moore, Widell, Spitzer, Gross, Clair Price, Carl Price, Capt. Baker, Holley, Plockelman, Bass, Gibson, Wright, and Coach Spaulding.

KNEELING—*Left to right:* Lytal, Summers, Hawkins, Oliver, Burton, Wedler, Frantz, Mobley, and Palmer.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

DATE	GAME	PLACE	SCORE
Oct. 28—	P. B. H. S. vs. Miami H. S.	W. Palm Beach	0-31
Nov. 11—	P. B. H. S. vs. Ft. Lau'dale Am. Leg'n	Ft. Lauderdale	0-24
Nov. 17—	P. B. H. S. vs. Sanford H. S.	W. Palm Beach	6-13
Nov. 30—	P. B. H. S. vs. Miami H. S.	Miami	0-54
			6-122

FOOTBALL

INTER-SCHOLASTIC FOOTBALL was introduced into East Coast High School athletics for the first time in the history of these schools this year. Palm Beach and Miami were the only schools to put football teams on the field.

This was Palm Beach High School's first attempt to put out a football team, and as a result lost every game played.

P. B. H. S. vs. Miami

Before a crowd estimated at about 1,000 persons, Miami defeated P. B. H. S., 31-0. The crowd was the largest and most colorful seen at an East Coast High School league contest up to that time, despite the fact that it might rain at any moment.

When the game started Palm Beach hopes were high, but Miami's kicking, passing, deceptive line bucking, and last, but not least, experience, was too much for our boys, most of whom had never handled a football before and only two or three had ever seen a real football game.

At spots the field was located about a foot below the level of the water that covered it. Miami received the kick-off and returned with it to midfield. Here Dempsey took the ball and scored a touchdown behind good interference. They missed point after touchdown. Miami made a touchdown on kick-off after a fumble on the next play. Thereafter the game was a series of fumbles with P. B. making most of them. Miami made another touchdown in this half and two in the last half. Hawkins was the star player for P. B. H. S.

P. B. H. S. vs. Ft. Lauderdale

Ft. Lauderdale American Legion defeated P. B. H. S., 24-0, at Ft. Lauderdale, November 11.

The Ft. Lauderdale men were too big and rough for our players in this game. Our men would repeatedly rush the Legion line but to no

avail. The Legion men in turn would take the ball and on straight football crash through our line after every other style of play had failed them.

P. B. H. S. vs. Sanford

Sanford H. S. defeated P. B. H. S., 13-6, on November 17. Visions of victory rose before the eyes of the students of P. B. H. S. when Si Hawkins raced through the entire Sanford team for a touchdown a few moments after the game started. Hopes for a victory fell when Sanford scored a touchdown in this half and another in the next half.

Thanksgiving Day Ends Season

P. B. H. S. fell before Miami H. S. at Miami, 54-0, on Thanksgiving Day.

Before a much larger crowd than the one that had witnessed these two teams in battle earlier in the season, P. B. H. S. was swamped under a 54-0 score. The weather was ideal, clouds obscuring the sun at times, a light cool wind coming out of the north.

The game began like the game at W. Palm Beach, a touchdown being scored on one of the opening plays. Thereafter the Palm Beach cause was a losing cause, Miami scoring consistently in every quarter. Capt. Izor, of Miami, made a 75-yard run through the Palm Beach team in the fourth quarter.

Palm Beach completed several forward passes while Miami didn't complete a one. All of her gains were through and around the ends of the line.

FRONT ROW—*(left to right)*: Hawkins, Wright, Capt. Grewell, Plockelman and Ohlhaber.
BACK ROW—*(left to right)*: Manager Hunter, Schrebnick, Easterbrook, Lewis, McCampbell, Frantz, and Coach Spaulding.

BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

PLAYER	POSITION
Baldwin Ohlhaber	*Forward*
Delmar Plockelman	*Forward*
Grewell (Captain)	*Center*
Sion Hawkins	*Guard*
Edlo Wright	*Guard*
Beryl Lewis	*Sub. Forward*
Oscar Frantz	*Sub. Forward*
Perry McCampbell	*Sub. Guard*
Cameron Easterbrook	*Sub. Guard*
Joseph Schrebnick	*Sub. Guard*
Jay Jankosky	*Sub. Guard*

A few others who tried for the team were Cox, Widell, Stambaugh, Findley and Strickland.

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

DATE	GAME	PLACE	SCORE
Nov. 25	P. B. H. S. vs. Boynton A. C.	W. P. Beach	49-18
Nov. 28	P. B. H. S. vs. Delray H. S.	Delray	18- 6
Dec. 6	P. B. H. S. vs. L. W. Legion	W. P. Beach	32-20
Dec. 8	P. B. H. S. vs. Ft. Lauderdale H. S.	Ft. Lauderdale	12- 8
Dec. 15	P. B. H. S. vs. L. W. H. S.	W. P. Beach	28- 7
Dec. 22	P. B. H. S. Sec. Team vs. Boynton A. C.	Boynton	8-17
Dec. 22	P. B. H. S. vs. Alumni	W. P. Beach	44- 8
Dec. 29	P. B. H. S. vs. Lemon City H. S.	Miami	21-12
Jan. 5	P. B. H. S. vs. Ft. Pierce H. S.	Ft. Pierce	19-20
Jan. 12	P. B. H. S. vs. L. W. H. S.	Lake Worth	13-12
Jan. 26	P. B. H. S. vs. Ft. Lauderdale H. S.	W. P. Beach	25-17
Feb. 2	P. B. H. S. vs. Miami H. S.	W. P. Beach	21-28
Feb. 9	P. B. H. S. vs. Lemon City H. S.	W. P. Beach	38-12
Feb. 16	P. B. H. S. vs. Ft. Pierce H. S.	W. P. Beach	17-20
Feb. 23	P. B. H. S. vs. Miami H. S.	Miami	18-32
			363-238

BASKETBALL

THE basketball season started November 25 at the local gymnasium with Boynton A. C. becoming a victim by a 49-18 score. Thereafter Palm Beach defeated all comers until they met the Ft. Pierce quintet at Ft. Pierce. Ft. Pierce took the game 20-19. They took the game played here later in the season by a 20-17 score. We defeated Ft. Lauderdale on December 8, 12-8, and later on the local court, 25-17. Miami defeated us 28-21 here, and by a score of 32-18 at Miami later. Lake Worth, a new member in the league, threw a scare into our team when we played there and held us to a 13-12 score. A splendid game was played with the class of '22 on December 22, when we defeated them, 44-8.

P. B. H. S. defeated Ft. Lauderdale H. S. on her own floor for the first time in four years, 12-8. This was in the nature of a test game—if we won, the mental state of the players would make them play much better than it would if they had been defeated. Every player did good work with team work a feature in spots. Those playing were: Jankosky and Olhaber, forwards; Grewell, center; Hawkins and Plockelman, guards, and Lewis, substitute forward.

The team traveled up to Ft. Pierce January 5, and met defeat, 20-19. On a poorly-lighted, poorly-marked floor, with baskets that swayed with each gentle breeze, our team was at a great disadvantage. Added to this the fact that our players were "off form", it is no wonder that we were defeated. Olhaber was bowled over by the ball when a Ft. Pierce player made a high pass above the electric lights. The players were: Lewis and Olhaber, forwards; Grewell, center; Hawkins and Plockelman, guards.

Ft. Lauderdale met defeat when they came here January 26, 25-17. The game was marked by time out to administer first aid to the injured, to make substitutions and to settle disputes. Blakely, Lauderdale guard, made two of the prettiest baskets that we have seen from the center of the floor. Olhaber immediately afterward made two of a similar nature. The line-up: Plockelman and Olhaber, forwards; Grewell, center; Hawkins and Wright, guards; and Lewis, substitute forward.

Miami H. S. came, saw and conquered us, 28-21. The game started off at a fast and furious pace with the locals doing the forcing. They passed, they dribbled, they shot—they couldn't go wrong in that first half—at the end of which they led, 14-12. In the next half, they showed a complete reversal of form. Jankosky, stellar forward, and Hawkins, guard, forced out of the game by injuries, left the team in a rut which couldn't be filled by their substitutes. Miami quickly tied the score and then swept on to a 28-21 score at the final whistle. The line-up: Jankosky and Olhaber, forwards; Grewell, center; Plockelman and Hawkins, guards; Lewis, substitute forward; and McCampbell, substitute guard.

Miami H. S. defeated us February 23, at Miami, 32-18. They overwhelmed us from the start by their superior whirlwind style of passing and uncanny basket shooting. Down the floor they would go with the ball where a local player would get it and send it back, they would fumble, Miami would get it and another basket would be chalked up for Miami. In the last quarter Lewis was substituted for Olhaber and a rally was made, but was cut short by the timekeeper's horn. The line-up: Plockelman and Olhaber, forwards; Grewell, center; Wright and Hawkins, guards; and Lewis, substitute forward.

TOP ROW—*(left to right):* Coach Anthony, V. Barto, B. Pringle, Manager Holstlaw.
BOTTOM ROW—*(left to right):* J. Butts, M. McGeagh, Captain Barto and E. Coffey.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

PLAYER	POSITION
Beulah Barto	*Forward*
Mary McGeah	*Forward*
Betty Pringle	*Guard*
Valaire Barto	*Guard*
Jeannette Butts	*Jumping Center*
Elizabeth Coffey	*Running Center*
Christine McCampbell	*Sub. Guard*
Pearl Herrick	*Sub. Guard*
Jessie Ingham	*Sub. Forward*

BASKETBALL

Forward—Beulah Barto
Forward—Mary McGeagh
Guard—Betty Pringle
Guard—Velaire Barto
Jumping Center—Jeanette Butts
Running Center—Elizabeth Coffey
Subs: *Guards*—Christine McCampbell, Pearl Herrick; *Forward*—Jessie Ingham.

The students in P. B. H. S. are very proud—why? Because of the girls' basketball team. The team has won the title of "Victors of the Southeast coast." Though the team met with defeat in DeLand, it has proved its ability and splendid team work by the games won.

Beulah Barto and Mary McGeagh, as forwards, were right on the job, never failing to make a basket when the opportunity permitted. When Beulah got her hands on the ball it seemed as if it just had to go in the basket, which it did.

Betty Pringle and Velaire Barto deserve credit for their good work as guards. As soon as the ball was in reaching distance of either of them it was instantly caught and thrown to the center before the forwards of the opposing team realized what had happened.

Two other main factors of the team were Jeannette Butts, or "Jazz", jumping center, and Elizabeth Coffey, running center, who deserve a great deal of credit. Jazz made it her duty to bat the ball into Elizabeth's hands, who immediately threw it to Mary or Beulah and the forwards did the rest, which was to put it in the basket, making the score go up.

TEAM	TEAM	WHERE PLAYED	SCORE
P. B. H. S.	vs. Ft. Lauderdale	Ft. Lauderdale	22-16
P. B. H. S.	vs. Miami	Miami	20- 9
P. B. H. S.	vs. Lake Worth	Palm Beach	46- 8
P. B. H. S.	vs. Fort Pierce	Ft. Pierce	11- 9
P. B. H. S.	vs. Lake Worth	Lake Worth	22-10
P. B. H. S.	vs. Ft. Lauderdale	Palm Beach	2- 1
P. B. H. S.	vs. Miami	Palm Beach	23-21
P. B. H. S.	vs. Lemon City	Palm Beach	30- 1
P. B. H. S.	vs. DeLand	DeLand	3-46
P. B. H. S.	vs. Lake City	DeLand	7-25

SUMMARY OF BASKETBALL GAMES

The season opened with a game in Ft. Lauderdale, which proved a success. The game from start to finish was full of pep. Beulah stood out in prominence by making 21 points out of 22. The game was witnessed by a large audience of enthusiastic rooters. During the first half the score was tied, but luck came our way, Mary making a free throw raising the score 5-6. We had no difficulty in winning the second half. The score ended 22 to 16 in our favor.

The games with Lake Worth and Lemon City proved a general walk over.

On January 5 our team journeyed up to Ft. Pierce to play the victors who have the reputation of always winning on their own home court, but our team ruined their reputation by winning with a score of 11-9. Not being used to the clay court, the dangling light and the out-of-bounds, our players were a bit confused but soon became accustomed to their surroundings and showed their ability as basketball players. This was the first time in five years that Ft. Pierce had been defeated by P. B. H. S.

The game in Miami between P. B. H. S. and the Y. W. C. A. proved an easy victory, but this cannot be said of the game between P. B. H. S. and the Y. W. C. A. in Palm Beach. This game proved to be the most interesting and the hardest fought of the season. Near the close the score was a tie, but the day was saved by Mary shooting the final basket, making the score 23-21.

Mrs. Barry served as referee and chaperon for the girls' team, and we extend our thanks to her for her kindness and assistance.

DE LAND

(By JAZZ.)

WE LEFT our downy couches at about five o'clock on Wednesday morning, March 14, and made ready for our trip to DeLand where our girls' basketball team was to play for the State championship. For about the first couple of hours the travelers were rather dozy and said nothing much, but at about nine o'clock Coffey and Buddie awoke. Songs? Slightly. (I'm telling at present what happened in Howard's car, for, as has been said by many famous people, we can't be in two places at once—so our gentle readers will have to be content with the happenings of one car.)

All went very well until we came to Vero. In that fair city we were informed that we had a detour to make, west of town. We took this and if we ever in our lives were shaken up, we were then. We spent most of our time either dodging the bumps, which came fast and furious, or crawling out to pick up suit cases which were jarred loose from the running board. Finally we came to the hard road—the long-wanted Dixie Highway. Here more troubles began. There were great holes in the road, and telephone poles in the middle of the road for about five miles, after which we were entertained by the short, jarring kind of bumps. We had to make another detour—worse than the one before—because it consisted of deep ruts, inlaid with palmetto roots with a stray pine here and there. We then decided that bumping heads on the top frame of the car was far more interesting than having the corner of a suit case poke you in the ribs about every forty feet. From there on the roads were not so difficult to travel. So much for our journey to DeLand.

We arrived at Stetson about six o'clock, and after cleaning up a bit, we were ushered to the dining room. It was not long till we were acquainted with some of the college girls from Chaudoin Hall—among them two Ft. Lauderdale girls—who seemed very glad to see us and invited us to a little get-acquainted meeting in their room on Thursday night after our game with DeLand H. S. Then we made our way to our rooms and made ready for our much-needed slumber—for on the morrow we were to meet our doom, though we, innocent dears, didn't surmise such a catastrophe.

The next morning, Thursday, we were aroused from our sleep by the College chimes.

Up at the other end of our floor a great noise was heard. Yells? The snappiest I ever heard. Wauchula—more noise on the floor below. Rah! Rahs! for Gainesville or Lakeland. There were some lazy creatures who said they were not going to breakfast, but were going to sleep. Sad! Maybe they could go without breakfast, but nothing stirring when it came to sleeping any longer.

Across the Campus boys and girls were on their way to their classes in the different buildings. Everywhere groups were chatting and getting acquainted. In the parlor the piano was lending tones to the place. On the front steps girls were writing home. Telegrams were already beginning to come by the capfuls to the enthusiastic, happy crowds. And may I say here, that if ever anything was appreciated and welcomed, it was the telegrams that arrived every once in a while, spurring the girls on and telling them that the whole school was backing them.

At 8:45 chapel was called, the devotional exercises first, then yells for each team made the place lively. The crowds then began to split up and go where they chose. Our team went out to purchase long crimson and gray ribbons to wear in our game and to write cards home.

Then excitement reigned supreme! Only half an hour till "FATE" would tell. We donned our basketball duds and proceeded to the gym. Wauchula, our special friends whom we had made that afternoon, were playing their game. And a good bunch they were.

Soon our game was on. Everything seemed wrong. The jumping center was grand. (DeLand.) The running center a "living fire," as she was described; the guards simply crawled on Beulah's and Mary's necks, and it took something to move this mighty host we were playing. Shoot baskets—DeLand could do it! Our girls played hard enough, but we could soon see that we were not rough enough to keep up with our opponents. They made basket after basket, and won by a 46-3 score. We were awfully down-hearted, but when we got to our rooms, dirty and tired, there were more telegrams telling us to fight.

That night fun was in order. Nightie parades (?), yes indeed! Songs, yells, laughter, razzing! The blinks came all too soon—but no one heeded till just a little while later "(?)". The Proctor made her appearance upstairs and it was then that everyone was sound asleep (apparently), for when her footsteps were heard on the floor below the three teams on the top floor rushed to their respective rooms.

The next morning the noise was worse. "Say, Mary, what did you do with my white stockings?" And, "Oh, for Pete's sake, gaze on this wrinkled dress!" And, "Say, you down there, what did I tell you about wearing my satin slippers?" "Blanche, have you a needle?" These questions were very appropriate, for clothes certainly changed hands in that hall.

Friday afternoon we played another game, with Lake City, and again lost. The first half was 17-1 in favor of Lake City, but in the last half our team woke up to the fact that we must fight tooth and claw, or words to that effect. In the last half of our last game, we caught onto the game, all too late, though we kept our opponents to a 6-8 score. We're not quite sure whether we tired out Lake City or we got good all of a sudden, but, anyway, everybody resolved to do better in 1923-24.

BASEBALL

BACK ROW—*(left to right)*: Aspirant Manager Currie, Moore, Hawkins, Matherson, Wilrycx, McGinley, Frantz, Ohlhaber and Manager Bass.

FRONT ROW—*(left to right)*: Spitzer, VanLandingham, Oliver, Capt. McCampbell, and Easterbrook.

BASEBALL TEAM—1922.

PLAYERS	POSITION	PLAYERS	POSITION
Baldwin Ohlhaber	*Pitcher*	Cameron Easterbrook	*Infield*
Raymond Plockelman	*Pitcher*	Clarance Neilson	*Infield*
Harold Cleveland	*Infield and Pitcher*	Thomas Matheson	*Outfield*
Edward Flood (Capt.)	*Catcher*	Dale Fiers	*Outfield*
Roy Moore	*Catcher*	Lowell Grubbs	*Outfield*
Kibbee Allen	*Infield*	Andrew Southard	*Outfield*
Oscar Frantz	*Infield*	Thomas Penick	*Utility Outfield*

Last year a baseball team was whipped into shape by Coach Currier. This team had almost everything it needed to make it a winner. The catching staff was strong with Flood behind the bat; the pitching staff with Mobley and Plockelman, was all that anyone could wish it to be, and the infield and outfield took care of everything that came its way. In spite of this though it won only one league game.

The team lost one game to Miami, one to Ft. Pierce, and split even with Ft. Lauderdale, winning the home game and losing the road game.

BASEBALL TEAM—1923

PLAYERS	POSITION	PLAYERS	POSITION
W. Wilrycx	*Pitcher*	C. Easterbrook	*Infield*
B. Ohlhaber	*Outfield and Pitcher*	D. Fiers	*Outfield*
Si Hawkins	*Outfield and Pitcher*	T. Matheson	*Outfield and Pitcher*
R. Moore	*Catcher*	C. Spitzer	*Outfield*
P. McCampbell, Capt.	*Infield and Pitcher*	E. VanLandingham	*Infield*
D. McGinley	*Infield*	H. Gibson	*Outfield*
O. Frantz	*Infield*	R. Oliver	*Outfield*
E. Burton	*Infield*		

BACK ROW—*(left to right)*: Hawkins, Findley, Munger, Grewell, Price, Semple and Ohlhaber.

FRONT ROW—*(left to right)*: Capt. Graff, Mgr. Currie and Summers.

TRACK

A track team was sent to the Tri-County Track Meet, held at Ft. Lauderdale, March 24. This team was tried out, trained and picked within one week before the meet was held. The men that were sent down did exceptionally well, considering the conditions they were handicapped with. They returned home with 9 points. Ft. Lauderdale won the meet with 93 points; Miami, second, with 31 points; and Lemon City, third, with 10 points.

Below is the summary:

EVENT	CONTESTANT	PLACED	POINTS
100-yard dash	Hawkins	Third	2
Broad jump	Ohlhaber	Third	2
High jump	Ohlhaber	Third	2
Discus	Price	Fourth	1
Half-mile relay		Third	2
		Total	9

The following men made up the relay team: Summers, Graff, Ohlhaber and Hawkins.

Left to right: Coach David Gardella, Gunter, B. Compton, W. Compton, Capt. Stypmann, Reed, Mobley, King, Evans and Pence.

SWIMMING

The swimming enthusiasts of Palm Beach High School are practicing every afternoon under the watchful eyes of their instructor, David Gardella, for the Annual Inter-Scholastic Aquatic Meet to be held at Winter Park, April 28th.

Last year a team was sent to the meet that was expected to take the cup in spite of the fact that several stars had graduated or had gone to some other school. This team through hard luck did not place in any event. This year is another year and a team is being developed that should be able to run 1-2-3.

A few of the boys that are training are: F. Gunter, B. Compton, W. Compton, Capt. A. Stypmann, B. Reed, W. Mobley, W. King, H. Evans, A. Pence, E. Gross, G. Grewell, M. Holley, T. Potter, W. B. Wallace, N. Hutcheson, and C. Price.

These boys have been practicing for several weeks and some of them have been practicing all winter.

Mr. Gardella has sent three boys' teams up to the meet. Of these two have been returned the winner. Much praise should be given him for doing this work free of charge and the spirit in which he has done it. Mr. Jordahn also helped the boys by making special rates on rooms. The following men will make the team, together with the events in which they will enter:

Capt. A. Stypmann	100-yard back stroke
W. B. Wallace	220 yards; 440 yards
B. Reed	100-yard; 75-yard; relay
W. Compton	50-yard; relay
M. Holley	100-yard breast stroke; plunge relay
F. Gunter	Diving

Substitutes: B. Compton, W. Mobley, T. Potter, G. Grewell.

GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM

There was no swimming team in the year 1922. The team of 1923 is composed of new girls, some of whom have never taken part in any swimming event before.

Under the instruction of Mr. Gardella, the girls have been hard at work.

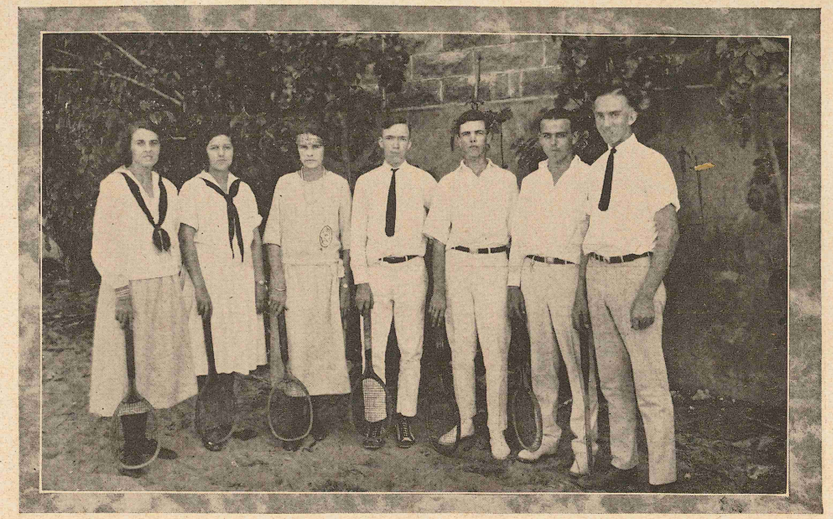
Ruth Vallowe was elected captain and Mary McGeagh assistant captain.

The girls are very enthusiastic over the coming swimming meet which is to be held at Lake Virginia, Winter Park, April 28th, and are practicing every day at Gus' Bath.

Among those trying out for the team are: Mary McGeagh, Thelma Cullum, Dorothy Bigelow, Allegra Gates, Pearl Herrick, Cora Collins, Elizabeth Templeton, Camille Taylor, Zella Adams, Florence Holstlaw, Evelyn Mitchell and Ruth Vallowe.

CONTESTANTS	EVENTS
Capt. R. Vallowe	50-yard; 50-yard back stroke
D. Bigelow	75-yard; relay
M. McGeagh	220-yard; 100-yard; relay
A. Gates	25-yard
F. Holstlaw	50-yard breast stroke

Substitutes: Cora Collins, Pearl Herrick, (one girl to be supplied.)



TENNIS

Tennis practices were held every afternoon after school, weather permitting, practicing for the Annual Tennis Tournament held between Palm Beach High School and Miami High School. The tournament was originally scheduled to be played here, but was postponed so often that it was transferred to Miami.

The team practiced under the watchful eyes of Kibbee Allen, taking Coach Spaulding's place while he was coaching the football team. No elimination tournament was held because all the players likely to play in the tournament were known. Their weaknesses, strong points, and dispositions were well known to Allen of last year's team.

Finally R. McDonald was chosen as No. 1 in the singles, B. Lewis No. 2 in the singles, D. Plockelman and R. Harris for one match in the doubles; McDonald and Lewis coming back for the other doubles match.

The following girls were chosen: Florence Holstlaw, No. 1 in the singles; Margaret Carthew, No. 2 in the singles; and Maudie Pierce playing with Evelyn Mitchel in the only doubles match.

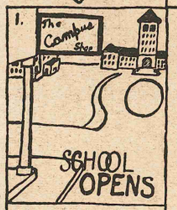
On November 11, the team started for Miami and after several mishaps reached there at noon. After being entertained, the players rushed to the courts and started the matches. Florence Holstlaw defeated Mary Moore in straight sets, 6-1, 6-4. Miss Holstlaw's strokes were almost perfect, forcing the playing at all times. Margaret Carthew was defeated by Beth Price in the only set played, 6-3. Margaret didn't seem to be playing up to her usual form; perhaps it was Miss Price's excellent playing that made it seem so. Robert McDonald was defeated by Gustave Feurer in the only set played in their match, 8-6. Feurer, a boy in short trousers, Miami's ranking No. 1 man, showed that he was to be feared by the way in which he handled his racquet. Bob was erratic in his playing, missing easy shots, double faulting frequently, and covered less court than he usually had before. He was just beginning to steady down when rain came pouring on the clay courts, making play impossible.

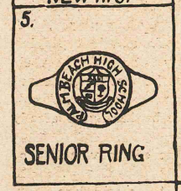
Plans were made to go down and finish the matches later but these never came off because two of the players were going out for basketball—B. Lewis and D. Plockelman.

On the boys' team B. Lewis is the only player lost by graduation. The girls' team will lose Florence Holstlaw, Maudie Pierce and Evelyn Mitchell by graduation, and a team will have to be built around Margaret Carthew, Freshman. Oscar Frantz, Bob Oliver or Douglas Hunter may take Lewis' place and the rest of the team will have to work hard to keep from being displaced by them.

The boys' tennis team expects to go upstate the latter part of April. They will play the Florida University Freshman tennis team and will then go to DeLand to participate in the State High School Tennis Tournament.

19 CALENDAR 19



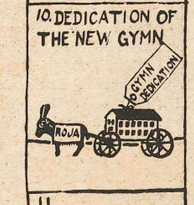


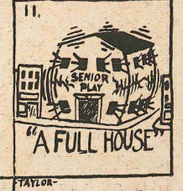
YE CALYNDER

(With Apologyse to Chaucer)

Prologue

Whan that Aprille with his warming sonne,
Hadde makeyn everichon to think on thinges donne,
Beneathe a palym-tree in oure fayre countrye
Theyre mette foure students, a worldley compaignye.
Of these—the onne of most importante mene,
Yclept Senyore because of alle he'd sene;
Ye nexte in power and not meke in minde,
A Junyore, learning stille, 'xample of his kinde;
The Sophemoren, remayning unrepressed in mirthe,
A Fresshe—as innocent as at his birth;—
Told eache a tale o' the 'vents of waning houres,
From the months of falling leaves to the months of shoures.
The Fresshe-man told his firste, as he was younge
And thus he spake of his first year begunne.





22 23

THE FRESSHE-MAN'S TALE

SEPTEMBER 18 One fine September morne I came to Palm Beach High
Alone, untaught, perhaps afrade, was I,
And to make summe frends here, vainlie I didde try.
Alas, alas, for Fresshe-Men they do not care, I'd sigh.
Eftsoons how 'ere this came to pass.
When of the forste month 'twas near the last,
In a gathering of the high school mass.
'Twas called the "Get-Together," and somme funne
We hadde, 'til half the night was donne.

25 Since now ye schoole was opened, all beganne
To studie—for we are a studious band.

OCTOBER 1 And then beganne Coache Spaulding to instille,
Football tactics in the minds of those who'd will

15 To learn. Ye Senyors held a meeting full enow
To talk about their rings—where made and how,
And all the honor'd members of the Annual Staff
Held a meeting. Twas finne—no cause to laugh.

20 Onne day, somme childer from the Junyore High
Published the "Co-operator," and didde trye
To have a wondrous sale. They didde succeed.

28 Inspired hath the football season now begunne.
Hadde we more practice, Miami'd not have wonne.
That night ye tems didde frolic till quyte late,
And everichon sayed the Royal Palm was grate.

31 Anon, the class abandoned books and care
And planned a jolly Hallowe'en affaire.
We met that night, and alle in fancie dress,
We hadde a merrie tyme, and nothinge less.
And now my tale is ended, so I'll confess
It is not very longe, but it's my best.
I pray, Sophemoren, until your quarter's o'er
Contin'ye with this tale of High School lore.

THE SOPHE-MOREN'S TALE

Well don, yonge Fresshe—for onne so yonge in alle
Your thots. And now I'll trye recalle
What hapened nexte. Wn that Novembre 'leventh camme

NOVEMBER 11 We celebrated, in other years the samme.
That day at foot-en ball we lost again,
The score was 24 to nothing, when ye game was at an ende.

14 Anon, at tennis, Pork, our athlete, defeated Albert,
Prince of Johnstad, quyte a feate.

17 And then on Friday, Sanford played us here.
The score—13 to 7. And stille we shedde no tere.
The minstrelle show was finne; we never knew
The talent that we hadde. We're proud, 'tis true.

27 Yet once to every laddeen comes a day
Wan knickerbockers must needs be put away,
With tears. Yet Lake delade;
'Til Henry, full in public rose and seyd
He'd lyke to have Lake stand. He didde with dred.
And then the pres'dent of the Senyore classe
With due solemnity presented Lake—alas!
A pair of trowsers—long and blue. The redde
Suffused Lake's face. He wished him ded.
With merrie talk and laughs we left them there
And went to classes. We do have many a care.

28 At chapel, then, nexte day, there came
Bob Jones' company, who are just the same
As other mortals. We didde enjoy their talks.
That night at Delray, our teams didde walk
Off with the score. 16 to 8—14 to 2. And nothing more.
Our teams are greate, and on them lies our fate.

29 Anon, a greate commotion rules ye halls
The teacher of ye voice, for ye play rehersals calls.

30 Then of ye holidays there camme onne of the best
Thanksgiving day. School closed. Oh! What a reste.
At Miami played we foot-ball, tho' we lost,
Our girls at basket-ball wonne. Fair an even toss.

DECEMBER 1 Still school is closed. That night ye play was played.
The Merchant of Venice. 'Tis sad Shakespeare could not have stayed.
4 But aftre that camme nightes whan onne must cramme.
For nexte days weren gredded dir examme.

5 Here went we doon to hear Bob Jones y' speake,
A compaignye, religioun fer to seke,
Because it was yclept the High School nighte,
We entered in with alle oure peppe and mighte.

6 In basket-ball with Lake Worth we didde winne
We always get that for which we go inne.

8 An orator we have; 'tis Guy. Anon
He'll preach to us the worke of everichon.
Howsome're, he raised somme peppe, at any rate
At the game that nighte oure team was grate.
To see the corner-stone of our new High School placed
Across the campus all ye students rayced;
'Twas solemn and impressive, quyte, 'tis true
But everichon rejoyced these meetings are so few.

11 Firste tyme in yeres the Fresshe-men gayned success
In chapel. The Flapper's Program was ye best
We ever hadde. With bobben locks and sweaters and short skirts
And ukeleles, those flappers sure were flirts.

12 Onne day the businyss part of towne
Becamme the scene of boys dressed in night-gowns.
The R. O. J. A. initiation staged,
The candidates were makeyn to parayde
It suren wers somme funne to see them blush
Butte aftyre, for their clothes they mayde a rush.

13 For nonsense' sake a band was put in shape
And what a wicked Sax. does Tedo shake?
The band has peppe and helps at all the games
And maykes the noise which helps to spred its fayme.

15. Anothyre gayme with Lake Worth we drew high
We always are successful when we trye.
And then a 'vent took place which filled with joy
The heart of every Senyor girl and boy.
Their rings didde comme, with zeal emblazoned on
To satisfy the gaze of curious onnes.

21 Aboard ye goode schippe Twenty-foure
In Harbour Royal Palm there climbed galore
The Senyore guests and Junyores as their hosts,
And from the depths of sea-chests stalked the ghosts
Of long-forgotten sea-lore—quips and quade.
And long into the night they merrie mayde.

22 Ye days didde flie 'til Merrie Christmas tyme
Camme ere we were aware. 'Tis hard to rhyme
The gifts and joys that Yule-Tides bring,
The carols of the folks who sing.

JANUARY 2 We welcommed in ye New Year with acclaimme,
For during holidays we wonne three gaymmes,
Alumni, Lemon City, Fort Pierce girls,
Went down as leaves 'for Winter's rushing swirls.

8 Chapel, tho' impromptu, very fine.
This talent must be a goode sign.

10 But sorrow settled on our High School then;
Our Dean was ill. "When she commes back again,
I'll never write another note, or chew
My gum in classe, forget excuses due."
We vowed. Her illness passed away
Our Dean returned to school onne day.

15 Anon, ye lords of High School ruled the daye.
Ye chapel blossomed forth inne colleurs gaye.
Our Senyore class has vamps and artists, too,
And finne musycians—there are quyte a few.

19—Ye Country Club becayme the scene of joy—
A dance, R. O. J. A., for every girl and boy.

22 And with this danse, my tale is donne,
Frende Junyore, tell us of youre funne.

JUNYORE TALE

My storie opens with the tests hard by
Of them and other 'vents, to tell you I will try.
26 To flunk, or not to flunk: that is the question;
Whether we learn again our every dif'cult lesson.
Foe 'xams comme hard, when holiday's just gone,
And each onne walks the halls, to flunk or not to flunk his song.
27 And then a sadness darkened all all our hearts.

The world's a stage, and somme hadde played their parts
And passed into ye endless caravan that wends
Its way into the night, borne on the wings of soul,
Guided by Death, who carried the destinie of alle.
For these we greve notte; they have gone
Where Life is onne endless, joyful songe;
But raythер for the onnes they left behind
We mourn; 'til healed by the flights of tyme
Sadnyss becomes a memory.
Debates in chapel greted then our ears.
They've been popular in oure schoole somme yeres.
28 Poor Hugh! His baseball suit is gone;
He put it in a travel-bag. Its owner camme along.
Ye Demolays a banquet at the Ritz
Didde gyve. They 'splayed theyre witts
At speech and toste. And soon
30 The students of Miss Lounge's room
The Cicero Circle formed with glee.
Anothyre weke. 'Tis funne to see

FEBRUARY 5 A Senyore sell a Royal Palm
So confydent, so verie calm.
7 And then someone fell upstair;
Buster, I herde—well, I'll declare.
15 The girls of Palm Beach High a meeting held anow.
They formed a Peppe Clube and learned how
To put peppe into games and all that stuff
16 And then ye High School al gotte rough.
We snake-danced thru ye towne,
Attracted attention with the funne and sounde.
But aftre al t'was worthe the heat and pull
For at the gayme that nyght the gym was full.
Between the games where all the crowd could see the bout
R. O. J. A. candidates boxed awhyle. Al cute.
22 A holiday didde comme, and also we to schoole
And gave a chapel program which didde surpass the rule.
23 Agen at basket-ball we plade. The skore
Went to Miami. Sure we weren sore.
And then the opera brought the crowds from toune.
The Bohemian Girl was goode. The house almost camme dcune.

MARCH 5 At last the Sun Dance camme in view to alle
And everichon seyd "Sun Dance, best of al."
7 Ye firste day camme. Oh, aftre school the funne
We didde enjoy. In sooth, 'twas onne
8 Day to remember. Theyn Thursday camme
And with it reste from classes
And everichon sailed forth—happie lads and lasses.
9 But Friday was the best. That nyghte
We hadde our flinge. Nexte day we were alryghte.
14 All thate nexte weke we worked hard for ye Faire
And seynt in quyte some exhibitions there.
23 On Friday all the schoole didde go in free,
The works of art and labor for to see.
28 We tooke a tesste, funnie sort of thynge,
But than I passed, and so my herte didde synge.
And now my Senyore frende of statelye mene
Will finysshe this with tales of what he's sene.

SENYORE'S TALE

APRIL 2 My tyme is short, my tale muste be so, too,
There's such a little whyle, so verie much to do.
In Chapel, Lloyd didde give us a trete
And our new songe was introduced and contynued all the weke.
The baseball team to Fort Pierce journyed, then
With saddened hertes they didde comme back agen.
9 The popular ladie contest sure was hotte,
The Senyores wonne, the Fresshyes clos behynde.
The othyres had no chance, of cours we didde not minde.
19 The Senyore play was quyte a trete,
In fact, al seyed it rarrlee coude be bete.
The Senyore partie, skip-day, class nyghte, too,
Are yet to comme. But whan they do
They'll be the verie best we ever hadde,
And so for that, we Senyores al are gladde.
Eftsoons we'll go from here, and so
To onne who al the year has lived to show
Us how to work and play and lyve,
We gyve our love, the best we have to gyve,
And hope that thru the many years to comme
She'll always happy be, remembering onne
Classe. Becaus of her, our faylures will be few,
Miss Weaver, friend and counselor trew.
And now my task is ended and I'm gladde.
It has been quyte the hardest onne I've ever hadde.

FLORENCE HOLSTLAW WINS IN POPULARITY CONTEST

Probably the most exciting happening of the whole year was the popularity contest held during the first week of April.

The purpose of the contest was to raise money for the Annual, but all thoughts of money were set aside as the class spirit arose. All classes were good supporters of their representatives. The Freshmen deserve special mention because of their loyalty and hard work.

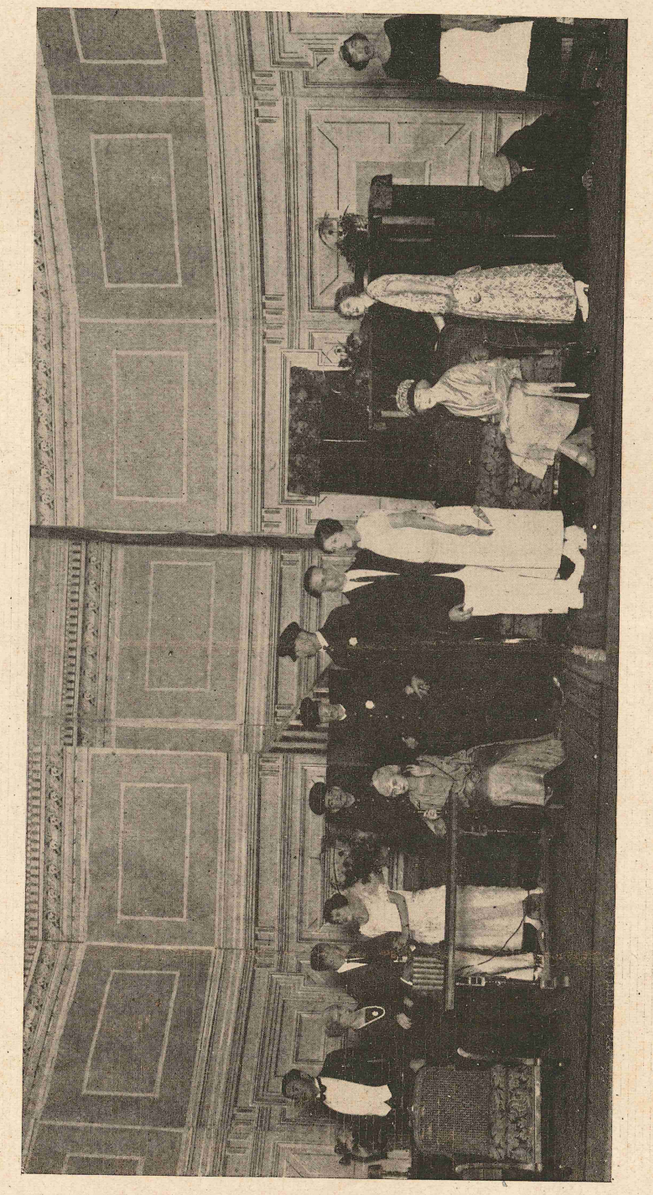
The results of the contest were as follows:

Florence Holstlaw (Senior) ..... First Place
Margaret Carthew (Freshman) ..... Second Place
Katharine Rickards (Junior) ..... Third Place
Roma Storey (Sophomore) ..... Fourth Place
Elma Jackson (Commercial) ..... Fifth Place

SPRING

I glimpsed a flash of scarlet,
As a winged creature flew
From a tree along the roadside
Into the heavenly blue.
And as it flew, on the soft sweet breeze
A note of joy drifted through the trees
And up into the blue so clear,
"Oh Spring, Oh Spring is here."

—POTTS.



SENIOR PLAY

THE treat of the year is undeniably the Senior Play. This year was no exception to the rule and "A Full House" was played on two consecutive nights to a large, appreciative audience. This play is one of the cleverest comedies that has been seen in many a long year. A grouch could not long remain so and the audiences were kept in an uproar by the comical lines and the excellent histrionic ability displayed by the Senior cast of fourteen players. It was indeed "A Full House" of laughs.

"A Full House" which was said by many to have been the very best Senior Play of them all, owed its splendid success to the hard work of the actors and the excellent and well-known directorship of Mrs. W. R. Lawley, who is very talented and experienced in this line of work.

The selecting of the cast was a difficult matter with so many Seniors to choose from and it was necessary to disappoint many. Mrs. Lawley considered the rate of talent in the Senior class very high. The cast finally selected was as follows:

Cast (in order in which they appear).

Parks, an English servant	Guy Grewell
Susie, from Sioux City, a maid	Margaret Lutz
Ottily Howell, a bride	Evelyn Mitchell
Miss Winnecker, from Yonkers, the aunt	Dorothy Smith
Daphne Charters, Otilly's sister	Florence Holstlaw
Nicholas King, a stranger	Henry Baker
Ned Pembroke, Jr., an only son	Jack Payne
George Howell, a bridegroom	Roman Leszczynski
Daugherty, a police sergeant	Carl Price
Jim Mooney, a policeman	Lloyd Findley
Clancy, another	Joseph Schrebnick
Mrs. Fleming, who owns the apartment	Betty Fuller
Vera Vernon, a show girl	Mittie Steen
Mrs. Pembroke, from Boston	Gladys Dowda

The comedy element of the play was furnished by Guy Grewell as Parks, the butler, by Margaret Lutz as Susie, the maid, and by Lloyd Findley as Jim Mooney, the policeman.

Guy Grewell was a stiff and dignified English butler, dense as the English butlers are supposed to be, and considering himself as quite superior to the blank-minded maid. He played the part decidedly well.

Margaret Lutz as Susie who "didn't know nothing" and yet managed to steal the jewels and make a mess of things, was greeted with a laugh

every time she said anything—saucy or otherwise as her lines were clever and her pigeon toes, gaping mouth and general air of bewilderment and blankness was one of the funniest things in the play.

Evelyn Mitchell, as the soft, clinging-vine type, made an excellent Ottily Howell. Evelyn cannot be praised enough for portraying the part so well when the role was contrary to her character.

Dorothy Smith, as the dignified, man-hating and determined Miss Winnecker, was one of the most enjoyable characters in the play and received several ovations from the audience. Dorothy is noted for her talent in amateur plays and has played various roles with equal success.

Florence Holstlaw, as the girlish Daphne who fell in love with Ned Pembroke, played her part with an ease and finish which shows the born actress.

Henry Baker, as Nicholas King, the "Pink" who proved to be a "dog-catcher" in the end, was as good as Henry always is—what more need be said when everyone knows and "raves about" Henry's acting.

Jack Payne, the happy-go-lucky Ned Pembroke who can write such "Classical" love letters and is so awkward about talking, seemed to be perfectly at home in the part.

Roman Leszczynski always makes a success of what he undertakes, and as George Howell he was an ardent and perplexed bridegroom. His part was probably the heaviest role in the play. Roman was good in this part in spite of its direct contrast to his wonderful characterization of Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice."

Carl Price was a typical police sergeant as Daugherty. His role was not very heavy but it was very well played.

Lloyd Findley made a carefree, happy Mooney and created many a laugh. Lloyd has taken part in plays all through his high school career and is perfectly natural on the stage.

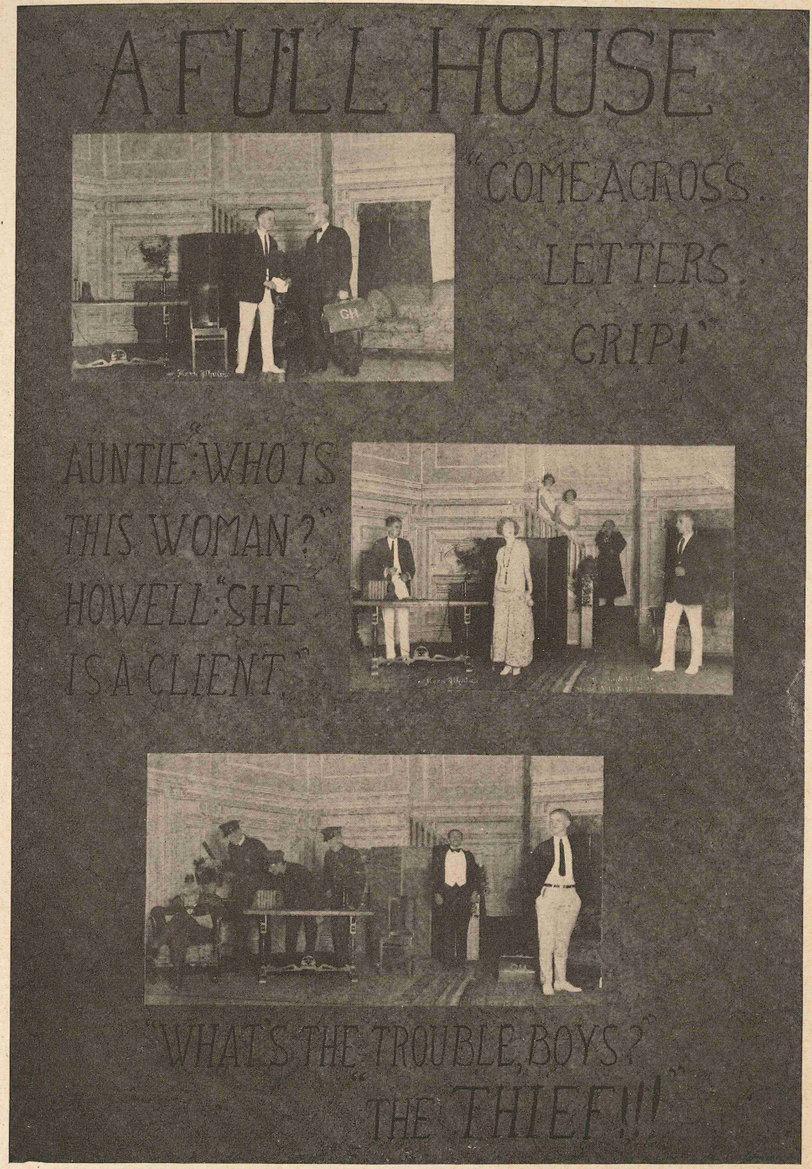
Joseph Schrebnick played the role of Clancy, the conscientious policeman, with ease.

Betty Fuller made a hit as the shrewish Mrs. Fleming who found fault with everything and everybody. It seemed odd to see our sweet-natured Betty so cross and determined.

Mittie Steen's role was decidedly clever and Mittie made it one of the most outstanding characterizations of the entire play. Mittie was Vera Vernon, a naughty chorus girl and she put so much pep into her part that people regretted the shortness of her role.

Gladys Dowda's acting was very natural in the role of Mrs. Pembroke from whom the jewels had been stolen.

Anyone who missed the Senior Play missed one of the main events of the year.



THE LYCEUM COURSE

In order to raise funds for the school library, a Lyceum Course, consisting of four plays and a moving picture show, was given by the Library Committee, assisted by the students and faculty. Each of the numbers will be described in order of their presentation in the following article.

MINSTREL

I.

"The Merry Minstrels" being the first of the Lyceum Course, was presented by the High School chorus on the tenth of November.

Hugh Gibson made the hit of the evening with Carl Widell a close second. These boys seemed to be all over the stage at once, now laughing, now weeping out of sympathy caused by the mournful tales of their fellow actors, or mimicking the soloists and dancers. They nearly wrecked the Senior Girls' Glee Club's song with their antics.

Another unusually good actor was Lewis Hall as "The Preacher." His sermon on "Chicken Stealin'" was a scream, as was also his son's about the 'possum hunt.

Charles Caesar deserves special mention for the way in which he told his dog story as well as for the other bits of original acting.

All the "gentlemen of color" were good, both in their songs and in the way they "put over" the jokes.

A very amusing number on the program was a song, "Not Lately," sung by Ward Hoofnagle and Carl Widell. Carl, with a large pair of trousers covering his entire body, held Ward, who was attired in a shirt, on his shoulder, making an extremely mirth-provoking sight.

A song, "School Days," sung by Doris Gross, with the Senior Girls as ghosts singing the chorus, made a decided hit, as well as "Dixie Kid," sung by the same group.

Margaret Carthew and Dorothy McCormick, who are becoming quite famous with their interpretive dances, gave one of their delightful renditions.

Katharine Rickards and Ruth Vallowe gave the "Dance of the Rag Dolls." Their interpretation was extremely clever on their parts, and took the house by storm.

Bits of vaudeville given between acts by Fox Bird, Elmer Rice, Gene Rasmussen, Jesse Frantz, and Gleason Stambaugh, and the "Gold Dust Twins," a dance by Cora Collins and Mary Moore, were well received.

Other numbers on the program included a clog dance, several vocal solos and opening and closing songs sung by the girls of the chorus, making this entertainment one of the most successful ever presented by the school.

Too much credit cannot be given to Miss Edna Hazeltine, the director, for the way she trained those taking part.

"MERCHANT OF VENICE"

II.

The second number of the Lyceum Course, Shakespeare's *"Merchant of Venice,"* was presented on the evening of December —, under the direction of Thomas R. Flood. All of the cast, with a few exceptions, were members of the Senior English class.

Lenea Stromberg, playing the part of "Portia," made a decided hit. Although she had only a few days in which to learn her part, she played it well.

Roman Leszczynski, as "Shylock, the Jew," was especially good, as was also Joe Schrebnick, as Prince Morocco, a rejected suitor of Portia.

Margaret Lutz, playing the part of "Jessica," the daughter of Shylock, made a hit every time she appeared on the stage.

Lloyd Findley, as "Bassanio," who mastered his part in a comparatively short time, did remarkably well.

Betty Fuller made a charming "Nerissa," and Elvin Bass' rendition of "Antonio" showed talent.

Evelyn Mitchell, taking the part of "Lancelot Gobbo," and Porter Taylor as "Old Gobbo," kept the audience convulsed with laughter during their entire scene.

"Prince Aragon," Christie Summers, was an ideal suitor although he was turned down.

The parts of "Inseparables," Salerino, Salario and Gratiano, were played by Dorothy Smith, Mittie Steen and Carl Widell, all of whom did extremely well.

Under the long black beard, it was hard to recognize its wearer "Tubal" as Gleason Stambaugh.

The parts of the Judge and servants were played by Elliot Gross, Gretna McClain and Paul Brown, in a professional manner.

This was the first time that our school has ever tried to "put on" one of Shakespeare's plays, and it was declared a grand success by all attending.

Special credit goes to Thomas R. Flood for the bit of professional acting, as he was director, and to Miss Weaver who sponsored it.

"JULIUS CAESAR"

III.

"Julius Caesar," that wonderful production covering the life of Caesar from 80 B. C. to 44 B. C., was presented by the Library Committee on Friday, January 26.

"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL"

IV.

The famous light opera, *"The Bohemian Girl,"* by Bolfe, was presented by the High School Chorus on February 23, and constituted the fourth number of the Lyceum Course.

Doris Gross, who took the part of "Arline," showed herself to be an actress of talent and her beautiful voice was heard to advantage in some of the old favorites, including "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls." This part was, however, played in the first act by Marian Kocher, a dainty little miss of the first grade, and made a big hit.

Carl Widell, who had the difficult job of acting in the dual parts of the sly old gypsy "Devilshoof," and the old and sad "Count Arnheim." Carl was especially good in the gypsy role and at one time while mimicking the lovers nearly broke up a song being sung by the High School Quartet. His song, "The Heart Bowed Down," however, was well received.

Lewis Hall, as the sissified count, "Florenstein," made a decided hit.

Mildred Rood played the part of the jealous gypsy queen to perfection.

Hugh Gibson made a dashing "Thaddeus."

Dorothy Bradshaw, in her dance imitating a rollicking boy, was very good.

Margaret Carthew, Dorothy McCormick and Kathryn Rickards danced beautifully.

FACULTY NUMBER

V.

The last, but not the least, of the numbers in the Lyceum Course, was the "Exhibition by the Pupils at the Little Red School," which was presented by the High School Faculty on the evening of March 17.

Although every member of the faculty did extremely well, the real hit was made by a student, Carl Widell. Little was known in the audience of the consternation behind the scenes when the faculty member who was to be the bad boy failed to arrive. At the last minute Carl was called from the audience and had just enough time to don his costume before the curtain went up, but the house was kept continually in laughter by his antics.

A dialogue by Creary Hamilton and Miss Johnny Williams was very good. When Mr. Hamilton planted a kiss on her fair cheek, and then blushed a rose red, the audience roared with laughter.

A Japanese song by several of the faculty members was well rendered, as was a vocal solo by "Shumy Heinke," Miss Hazeltine.

It was hard to realize that the strict school master under a marvelous bunch of whiskers and side-burns was our principal, Mr. Gordon.

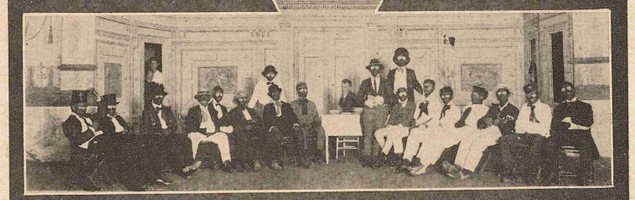
Miss Cooke, Miss Blawis and Miss Lyman were the school mischief makers.

A recitation given by Mr. Johnstad, while Ruth Warner, a student, illustrated it on the blackboard, brought much applause from the audience, as well as did the recitations of Mrs. Agnes Cass and Mrs. McWilliams.

Miss Savage demonstrated her ability at a piano in a fine rendition and Mademoiselle Lockhart's Fashion Show was very beautiful.

When the curtain was lowered the audience was convulsed with laughter at a recitation by Carl Widell on "How He Kissed Miss Jones."

CHICKEN CLUB



FACULTY PLAY

SOCIAL

DEAR REGGIE:

I cannot begin to tell you of all the delightful affairs which have been given by our school this year. As Amy Lyman Phillips would say, "It has been a season of hectic gayety!"

Do you remember Bill Mobley—the solemn-face tho' very charming Junior? He played the role of a most indifferent bachelor in the first little informal play given in the Auditorium. The play was a very unique idea of Miss Lorance's—her means of acquainting the students with one another. It was most successful in every detail and you can never imagine our surprise when told that ice cream cones and cakes were at our disposal!

When the football season opened every one was so enthusiastic and congenial that dances were immediately arranged. The Royal Palm Hotel was the scene, upon numerous occasions, of most delightful parties where informality prevailed and everybody seemed contented.

Reggie, at last your dreams have been realized and a boys' club has been organized. The "R. O. J. A." is the mysterious name they have chosen—what the letters stand for is only for the members to know—but their charming dances are known "far and wide." The Country Club has the honor of being selected each time for the "R. O. J. A." dances, and you may ask any girl who has been lucky enough to have been invited, if the "R. O. J. A.'s" aren't royal entertainers and hosts.

The plays for this year have been numerous and very successful. A Lyceum Course was offered at the first of the year and was comprised of five numbers: "The

Minstrel Show", "The Merchant of Venice", "Julius Caesar", "The Bohemian Girl", and Faculty Play. For High School talent everyone agreed they were the "best ever."

A most surprising thing happened recently. The Sophomore class, not to be outdone by the Juniors, gave a dance at the Royal Palm Hotel for the Seniors. Each member of the Senior class tried to show his appreciation to his lower classmates by being a most congenial guest.

On every occasion the different hosts have shown wonderful judgment in their selection of orchestras. The "R. O. J. A.'s" chose "Vic Moore's Collegians," and every one just had to agree that they were the originators of "pep." The "Royal Palm Orchestra" can't be beat, and Roy Hauck's Syncopators played on several occasions.

When Miami Hi played football with our team everybody tried to be there because they realized a dance would follow the game and there are not many people who would miss the opportunity of being invited to these affairs.

The basketball season has begun, and, needless to say, the social life of the school is still in full swing.

Visiting teams have been all too glad to stay for the dances which have been taking place after each game, either in the "gym" or the Royal Palm Hotel.

I almost forgot that you asked about a few of the persons at school. Yes, Kay Rickards is still delighting the public with her lovely dancing. She was very charming as an old-fashioned girl when she interpreted a "fan dance," between the acts in the "Bohemian Girl." Katharine has been very gracious in her responses to the many requests for dances when at private affairs, and her pleasing personality is always an added attraction at social functions. Welty Compton stopped his studies at Gault's this year and together with Maurice Holly, Warren King and Donald McGinley has "joined the ranks." They have proved a welcome addition in the "R. O. J. A." and other organizations. A few mistakes by the newcomers have been generously overlooked by the Dean.

Marge Weadock, from Ohio, and Katherine Wright, from Virginia, are two lovely young ladies who are with us this year. Of course, the Cocoanut Grove and the Colonnade were both very attractive this year, so when these two girls were absent from study hall, it really couldn't be helped—you know how essential a beauty sleep is to one's good health.

I am sure I have overlooked many, many parties in which you would be interested, Reggie, but the classes are so exclusive and so very particular about having "outsiders" learn of their entertainments, that you will have to be satisfied with what I have told you.

Most sincerely yours,

—DORA.

DON'T HUDGE, HENRY
—NAME IT—
O YOU KNICKERS!
A RARE PARE
THOSE 3
THREE & ONE HALF
SPORT
NOT HIS FAULT

HATNIPS

RW

YE ROYALE PALME
TEA ROOM

Refreshments Served
At All Hours
A—La—Campus Shop

Prop. B. M. Wilson

HEAD WAITER—AL STYPMANN

"COVER THE GROUND
YOU STAND ON"

How to Become Successful and
Socially Prominent

Versatility Taught in One Lesson

HENRY BAKER

BOYS! WHY BE
BACHELORS?

Practical Vamping and
Winning Ways
Taught in a Few Lessons

"X. Y. Z. HAMILTON"

SNAPPY SNAPSHOTS
SNAPPED
Snappily

Snatch a Snapshot
Soon

CARL A. PRICE

HOW TO PRESIDE
AT A
LADIES' AID
or
Be a HERO on Short Notice

CHRISTIE SUMMERS

POSING
AT SHORT ORDER

For Tooth Paste Ads, Rouges

Permanent Waves

All Brands of Kalsomine

LAURA DEVEREUX

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HISTORY OF "THE NEWS BOX"

It was soon after the beginning of the second semester last year that the students were overjoyed to hear that Palm Beach High was at last to have a real school paper. The Post had promised the school four columns every Monday and everybody "buckled down" under the sponsorship of Miss Keyes and Miss Weaver, English teachers, to fill up those columns with the "real stuff." Joseph Schrebnick, a Junior, was elected editor-in-chief, a managing editor from each class was also elected to help Joseph. As there were just five more months of school these managing editors each edited the paper for a month. In this way each class felt that the "News Box" really belonged to the whole school.

Toward the end of that semester, the editors and their assistants for this year were chosen. Margaret Lutz was elected editor-in-chief, with Joe Schrebnick as her assistant, and Mrs. Agnes Cass was appointed as sponsor. After a few months, however, the high school started to edit "school notes" in the "Times"; also Miss Anthony was appointed sponsor to the "News Box," and Mrs. Cass took charge of the "Times." As the "News Box" was started at the beginning of this year each managing editor had charge of it two months instead of one. Although the staff was rather rushed this year because of the many other activities, they succeeded in raising the standard of the "News Box" quite a bit, thanks to the cooperation of the student body and of the faculty to whom they extend their fullest appreciation.

THE HISTORY OF THE TIMES SCHOOL NEWS

About November 1, 1922, the sponsor of the "News Box" brought before a meeting of the staff a proposition, which, if adopted, would call for the publication of school news in the Times each week. The staff of the "News Box" agreed to handle this, but after the paper was published for two weeks the work became too heavy and a new staff was chosen composed of Editor-in-Chief Carl Widell; Assistant Editor, Elvin Bass; Senior Editor, Carl Price; Junior Editor, Willifred Carswell; Sophomore Editor, Marion Keen; Freshman Editor, Margaret Carthew; Athletic Editor, Mary McGeagh; Junior High Reporter, Selma Widell, and typists, Cora Sweeting and Pauline Jones. A short while afterwards Willifred Carswell resigned and Ruth Warner was chosen to take her place. Margaret Carthew resigned in March, Jean Bland took over her work. Mignonne St. Martin succeeded Cora Sweeting as typist about the same time. The paper has appeared weekly since its creation with the exception of two weeks during the Christmas holidays and all the high school news has been published in it as well as the best stories and articles written by students, that could be procured. Steps are on foot to secure a printing press for the school so the paper may be truly a high school production and we hope that next year this plan will materialize.

News Box Staff

Times Staff

HISTORY OF THE ROYAL PALM

ONCE upon a time there was a land among the mountains which was called Palm Beach High. This land was different from other lands. Geographically, it was divided into four sections; the first, very slight elevation; the second, hills; the third, plateaus; and the last, mountains. The people of this country were continually coming and going for there was a law that no tribe was to stay longer than four years. When a tribe first came from the plains (Junior High), they were forced to stay in the lower, less desirable land, but as the time of their residence increased, they were given better and better locations until finally (before departing), they were permitted to dwell for a whole year in the mountains, which were really not mountains at all, but a very high land from whence were obtained the choicest fruits of knowledge, joy and strength.

We go, thought a number of the citizens of the mountains tribe, away from our P. B. H. and leave behind us no visible record of our ever having lived in the land. Why should we not do something which will make our names known to generations yet unborn (Grammar Grades)?

"Good," said all of the inhabitants. "Why not plant a tree and label it with the characteristic marks of our people? What kind of tree shall it be?"

"It shall be the Royal Palm, symbol of the land of our nativity."

The seed of the first Royal Palm was planted in the soil of P. B. H. S. in the year of 1920. The chief gardener, directing the growth of the young plant was Thera Speer. Due to the poorness of the soil a somewhat small tree grew up that season. Its bark was also not very substantial.

The next season, the year '21, the succeeding clans wishing to emulate their predecessors, a tree was again planted and the care of the Palm given to a very large staff of arborists under the expert supervision of May Nickerson and Bessie Wilson. This one, due to the increased funds for irrigation, was larger, containing many more leaves and with an outer shell of much greater durability.

The third year, when another nation had come to the mountains of P. B. H. S. to try their hand at planting, another Royal Palm seed was hidden in the ground as usual, and a chief gardener and assistant were chosen who went by the names of Andrew Southard and Margaret Blake. This nation produced the best annual tree yet. Their book was larger with a bark which consisted of real palm fiber and the sign of the tribe superimposed. By comparison with various trees of nations within the Floridian continent it was shown that this species *(Royalus Palmus)* was supreme.

"Quartus annus", a new tribe of mountain dwellers, planted another tree *"avec une autre jardiniére."* *"Cette jardiniére,"* Bessie Wilson having been apprentice gardener at the planting of the Royal Palm in '21, was very well suited for her position. With the loyal help of the nation of 1923, she directed the planting of a fourth "arbor." *"Hic arbor"* was a creation par excellent. Varicolored branches, superb leaves, though having the same bark and sign which had been decided upon as the standard for all of the trees to be planted forever and a day.

And now, as the author of this tale belongs to the tribe which is leaving in '23, this *"fabula"* must end. But before leaving, the writer told a friend of dreaming that he saw in the future a Royal Palm growing better and better year by year, its leaves becoming prettier, its trunk larger, and the whole tree as good as the tribe under whose tender care it would come into the full vigor of maturity. *Adieu.*

"LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG" or "THE MIFKIN FAMILY"

(With apologies to the modern novelist.)

Chapter I.

The room was dark, cold and damp. It was so still that the faint drip, drip of water could be heard. Grandma Mifkin sat in her chair in the corner, and rocked, and chewed her toothless old gums. The floor squeaked and groaned as the chair rocked, and Grandma Mifkin grinned as she heard it. It annoyed her daughter-in-law, Muriel, and Grandma took a cruel delight in annoying Muriel. She was a mean old woman, and a burden, and she knew it. She sat all day staring at the damp, dirty floors, the dirty walls half covered with crumbling paper; and the ceiling streaked with large cracks running here and there like the rivers on a map.

On the wall was a picture of Grandpa Mifkin. Grandpa Mifkin was dead. Grandma Mifkin was glad he was dead. He had been a mean old man. Even in his picture he looked mean. He had a lean little wizened face, like Grandma Mifkin's, and his eyes were like beads. All his children looked just like him—mean. Grandma Mifkin hated him. She hated his picture, but she kept it so that she could think how she hated him. He always had grease spots on his coat lapel. She could almost see them in the picture. He always spilled soup when he ate it—greasy, luke-warm soup, and he never cleaned the spots off his coat. Grandma Mifkin hated Muriel, too. Muriel was an ugly, mean-looking thing. She had a red nose, and greasy, stringy hair. Her dress and hands were always dirty, and she was sullen and nasty. She worked the least she could, and got meals grudgingly. She was getting supper now. She slammed the dirty loaf of bread down on the dirty table. She took out a knife to cut it. The knife was sticky. It had jell on it, and the yellow of an egg. Ugh! Grandma Mifkin watched Muriel silently. Lord, how she hated her! Grandma Mifkin wanted to choke Muriel—choke—choke—until her face got purple and her lips white—and she would drop, a leaden lump, onto the dirty floor! Then she would fall on her body, and tear it—and scream—and kick!

Egg on the knife—grease spots—hair, stringy and oily—Grandma Mifkin—mean—

Chapter II.

Hank Mifkin came in. He was a tired looking man, but mean. He hated his mother. He hated his wife, too. He wished they were both dead, hung on the wall, by their nails.

He wished everybody was dead, except himself. Then he would kill himself, too. He hoped his wife would poison his mother some time.

A young man and a girl came in. They were Hank and Muriel's son and daughter. Lem, the son, looked like his father—mean, cunning and thin, like a half-starved rat. Milly the daughter, was just like her mother. Hank hated his son and daughter. He wanted to kill them both. He did not think that his daughter was secretly married to the ice man, but she was. Milly looked at them all, spitefully. She would have liked to scream. The dirty floor, the cold, greasy food, her mean grandmother and meaner mother—she wished they were dead. She hated Lem, too. She hated him since the day he was born. He hated her, too. They were always fighting. Why shouldn't they? Grandma Mifkin fought with Hank and Muriel. Hank and Muriel fought. Muriel

and Milly fought, and Murial and Lem fought. Milly and Hank, and Hank and Lem, and Lem and Milly fought.

Sometimes they would fight and scream and tear each other's hair—and scratch—dirty nails—. But Milly did not fight tonight. She knew that her husband was coming. She was wondering what her family would say when they heard that she was married to the ice man. But she did not know that her brother was married, too. His wife was a waitress in a cheap hotel. God, how he hated her! He was going to shoot her the next time he saw her.

Grandma Mifkin wanted to kill Milly and Lem. She wanted to scratch their faces with her claw-like nails, and choke them, and mutilate their bodies. She hated the whole family.

They started to eat supper. Cold, spare, it was all they had. Hank got up and stuck a wet, sour-smelling rag in the one hole in the wall where the light came in. Then he came back. He darted a hateful look at his daughter. She nearly snarled in return. Lem threw a heavy, soggy biscuit at his mother, and hit her in the face. She yelled at him angrily. Another biscuit came hurling thru the air—it struck Hank—Grandma Mifkin cackled gleefully. She hoped they would all kill each other.

Chapter III.

The Mifkin baby looked around him. He was an ugly child, with a mean face, and grease and egg spots on his dress like Grandma Mifkin. He crawled up on the chair where Hank, his father had been sitting. Hank was dead, killed by a heavy kettle of boiling water thrown at him by his wife. His head sunk on his breast. She too was dead, sprawled half on a chair, her head lying in the dish of potatoes. Hank had kicked her in the face and then jumped all over her. Grandma Mifkin sat upright in her chair, but she was dead, too, broken dishes were scattered around her, and a carving knife stuck in her throat. Milly had hurled it at her in a fit of rage and relief. Milly and Lem were dead, too. They had just finished choking each other to death. They lay now, across the table, their hands clenched about each other's throats, their faces purple and bloated, covered with coffee which they had overturned. How ugly they were! Baby Mifkin was glad that they were dead. He had wanted to kill them himself. He was a mean little thing. He was catching flies now, and pulling their wings off. Some he threw into the overturned coffee, where they struggled as they dropped.

The door opened. The ice man, Milly's husband entered. He looked about at the scene.

"There's too much light in here," he said quietly, and pulled the curtain across the window.

Baby Mifkin looked at him and hissed. He meant that the ice man had better hurry out or he (Baby) would throw a dish of cold beans at him. The ice man paid no attention, but departed.

Baby Mifkin was happy now. He jumped around, and climbed on everything. He hopped on the chair and turned over the teakettle. The boiling water sizzled all over him, and turned him a vivid red corpse.

MODERN RECIPES

FOR BUSY STUDES

Sponge Cake

2 turtle eggs.
1 cup of salt
6 tablespoons of castor oil
1 teaspoonful of vanilla kerosene
1 cup of sand
6 well-dried rubber sponges
1½ teaspoonfuls D'jer Kiss Powder
⅛ teaspoon sugar

Mix ingredients together and bake over hot coals four hours until sponges are well cooked. Serve at once with fermented prune juice. Very delicious.

Jelly-Fish Pudding

To three four-year-old jelly fish add a cup of diced land crabs, add one cup of home brew and flavor with onion juice. Bake in a buttered dish. Serve chilled and garnished with red angle worms and crab grass. Very artistic and nourishing.

Text-Book Pie

Line a pan with Freshmen crust and Senior dough. Prepare a filling of one un-read "American History," two pages of Caesar, a touch of Cicero, a dash of English. Add several cubed typewriters mixed with Mathematics. Flavor with French. Bake and serve at once with a good supply of "Physics."

Cream of Tobacco Soup

Chew one plug of tobacco until tender and juicy and place in saucepan with six cups of greasy dish-water and boil softly until well-heated. Add two tablespoons of finely cut soap and same amount of horsemeat fried a light brown. Add sassafras, pepsin, sarsparilla and Pluto water. Thicken with rain water and sit in cool place for three hours. Serve piping hot with saltines.

WHO'S WHO

Baker, Henry—A dear little lad, so quiet, modest and retiring.

Helvenston, Humboldt — Another of our promising young lads who think children should be seen and not heard.

Fuller, Betty—A social flutterby, a frivolous young damsel.

Mitchell, Evelyn—The most dignified of all our dignified Seniors.

Summers, Christie—A fluent talker, one of our budding young orators.

Gibson, Herbert—The "Peacemaker." "Tut" always tries to avoid arguments.

Smith, Dorothy—Tall, stately, dignified—a veritable Senior.

McClain, Gretna—Our own little Mary Pickford.

Wiggins, Rebecca—Have you a little fairy in your home? "Becky" is ours.

Wright, Edlo—A "lady killer." Edlo attracts the girls as sugar does a fly.

Brown, Paul—A great lover of jewels, especially "pearls".

Findley, Lloyd—As a Romeo, Lloyd makes a good garbage man.

Gunter, Fred—Our "Apollo". Big, brave, blonde and "bewtiful."

Cox, Bernadine—A dainty, demure little lady, whose wonderful voice surely destines her to be a great opera star.

Corbin, John—Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair!

Rickards, Katharine—L. L. apparently approves of her. What more need be said?

Taylor, Porter—A daring, dashing, delicious little daredevil.

Schrebnick, Joseph—A wicked wamp, does a wicked wiggle, has a wicked giggle, 'n—oh, everything!

Wilson, Bessie—A stupid girl who never does anything but always takes the credit.

Haynes, Jack—He's all there is—there ain't no more.

FASCINATING CREATIONS

(By A Model)

Who is interested in styles and fashions? Everybody, of course. And here are the very latest creations from Madame Lockhart's shop, known in all parts of the world.

Imagine yourself seated before an enormous as well as palatial stage in a distinguished theater in New York. The orchestra plays a most soulful melody that one simply can't forget. The curtain rises and two whole minutes elapse before the fashion revue is started. The stage is arranged to have the appearance of a breakfast room and in a few seconds Milady, the heroine of the exhibition, steps forth from behind the scenes in all the glory of a most handsome breakfast gown fashioned from a most exquisite quality of canvas and daintily tied with soft ribbons. And then for a boudoir cap she wears a primitive sun-bonnet adorned lavishly with huge forget-me-nots. Her bedroom slippers are carved from sweet scented wood. Now that she is seated at the table and partaking gently of the morning meal, let us glance into the apartment of her fiancé. He, too, is sipping coffee and glancing over the headlines of the morning paper. His lounging robe is of well constructed aluminum crepe with 10-inch fringe on collar and cuffs and edges. If convenient he wears a necktie of an elaborate pattern also.

(Scenery changed while orchestra plays).

After breakfast golf is the next sport. To be a bit old-fashioned Madame Fashion has chosen "knickers" for both men and women (although there is no restriction on skirts for either.) Large checked satin has been chosen as most suitable for knickers, cape and tam-'o-shanter. The cape is large and the tam has a drooping feather on the left side. An added attraction is bead tassels on sock tops. Shoes and hosiery are left entirely to the wearer's taste and originality. Golf continues until noon, then our gallant club-swingers lunch at the clubhouse in same costumes.

(Scenes changed to beach scenes—orchestra still plays.)

The beach scene is very brief as the water is a bit chilly and our hero and heroine want to take a drive before tea. All bathing suits are cut from hand-embroidered crepe paper and must be kept in cool, dry places. Large picture hats of organdy or horsehair braid ornamented with sea shells are for the beach and the hot sun only. Furs and muffs are also allowed to lend grace and beauty to the location.

(Next scene is in a dining room ready for a dinner dance, and still the orchestra plays.)

The setting of this scene is exceedingly dazzling and bright, so to harmonize accordingly Milady wears a magnificent gown of bizarre corduroy, long, narrow, and of very ungraceful lines. It has a draped tunic of herring-bone tweed fastened on the side with a corsage of patent leather water lilies. Soft felt slippers with rubber soles for dancing and brocaded in copper with aluminum heels add amazingly to her enchanting appearance.

Her raven locks are arranged in the most inadequate and striking as well as absorbing coiffure which is parted directly in the middle of the head and wound in two large, flat biscuits on the left and right sides, respectively. The part is defined by a series of multi-colored bits of court-plaster cut in futuristic patterns, depicting the story of the fall of man. A modest head band of dainty barbed wire (galvanized) is worn around the wrist and one ankle. She wears a beautiful pair of ear-bobs, moulded from Portland Cement encrusted with labels from Campbell's soup cans for the musical effect.

Her cape is of all-wool silk metallic goods of a bronze hue, reaching from the shoulders to the elbows.

Across from her at the same table our hero is struggling bravely with lengthy spaghetti. He wears an emerald green taffeta dinner suit of the most effective designing. It consists of three-quarter length trousers, with small glass buttons on each side from the waist to the cuffs, a very chic vest of peacock blue velvet and short frocktail coat (taffeta) with kimona sleeves for bun-dusting purposes, etc. White and brown sport Oxfords are decidedly the most appropriate for this occasion. Sox may be worn also if convenient and can be afforded. He has no sideburns, as those are decidedly out of date, but the latest haircut is a Buster Brown Bob. In case of a sudden sprinkling of sky-juice an especially designed raincoat of ising glass is worn so that the effect of the costume beneath will not be lost.

Aren't you willing to agree that this romantic and well-draped couple would make Romeo and Juliet look like landlord and tenant any time?

OUR HIGH SCHOOL

You can always tell a Freshman
By his gasping, vacant stare.
And his mouth a-hanging open
Letting in the High School air.

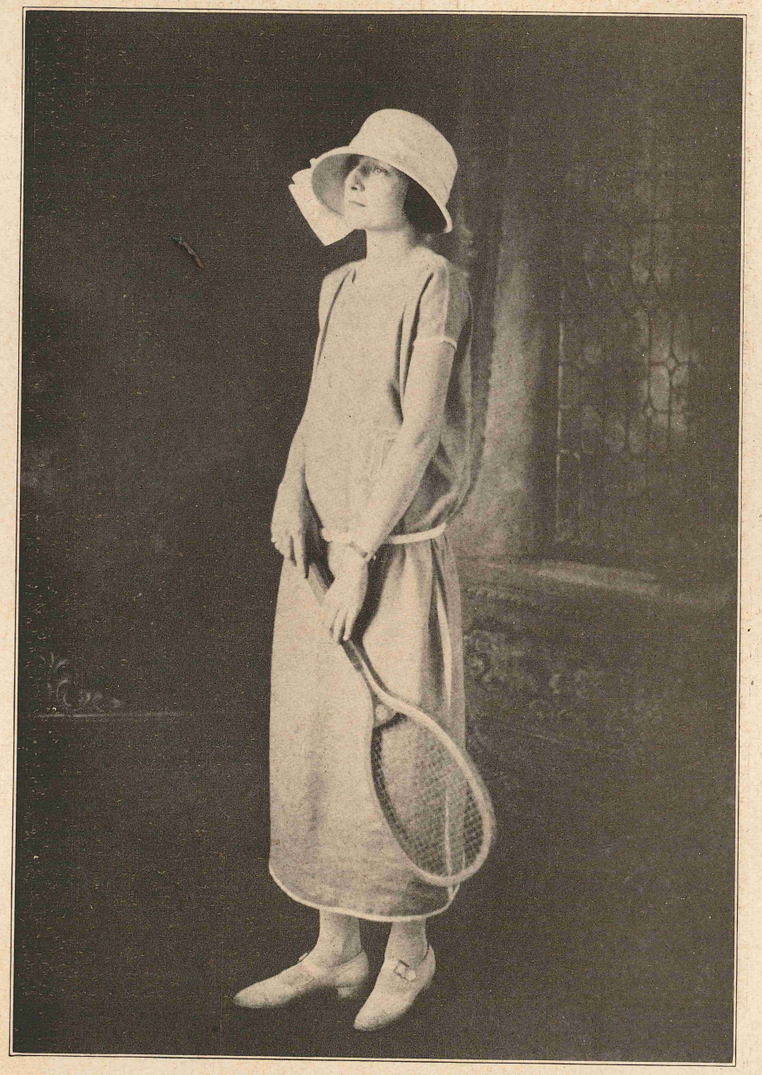
You can always tell a Sophie
By his supercilious mien,
And his lordly condescension
To the Freshies he has seen.

You can always tells a Junior,
By his air of merry joy,
By the parties that he goes to,
And the slang he does employ.

You can always tell a Senior,
By his bored and languid air,
By the wrinkle on his noble brow
And weighty words of care.

—Lucy Rosamond Hart.

FASHION REVUE



SPORTS

AFTERNOON

EVENING

OUR DEAN

The dean, yes, of course, our Dean of dear old P. B. H. S. How many times have you ever thought of her? Once? Yes, and if once at least a thousand times. Perhaps you have not forgotten the charming tunes rendered by that little melodious bell. Then comes back to your memory the familiar saying, "Excuses are due." One must also remember that Miss Lorance is a royal hostess, as any one of those who have attended her little informal after-school parties will testify. However, in order to understand more thoroughly this popular dean of ours we must glance back over her most interesting career.

The education of Miss Lorance is of the very best. She studied in the Iowa State Agricultural College, the University of Colorado, the University of Chicago, and is a graduate of the Maryville Seminary at Maryville, Mo., and the Northwest Missouri State Normal. Her major subjects being history, English, and education.

Not only has Miss Lorance's education been of the best, but her experience in teaching has been equally as great. She spent five years in rural school work, an equal length of time as head of an English department, and four years as principal.

Last, but not least, she is now serving in the capacity of Dean. During this time she has traveled through twenty different states and has also invaded Canada and Mexico. However, most of her experience has been in the North and West.

Miss Lorance's hobby is "fine pictures." At one time she was art supervisor for four years. She has a very fine collection of pictures and values them highly.

It may be added here that Miss Lorance is very much interested in pigeons. Much of her time outside of school is spent in taking care of these birds. At the present time she has two lofts containing five hundred pigeons.

In December, 1922, Miss Ruby F. Lorance served as president of the Historical and Social Science Departments of the Florida Education Association, which met at St. Petersburg. It was her honor to introduce Dr. J. J. Tigert, U. S. Commissioner of Education from Washington, D. C. The subject of his lecture was on the teaching of civics. Another member on the program was Dr. J. Roemer, professor of Secondary Education from the University of Florida.

Dr. Roemer spoke on "Sequence of History and Credits." At the close of the meeting Miss Lorance was unanimously re-elected president of the same section for the annual state meeting to be held at West Palm Beach, December, 1923.

As the years roll on new faces are constantly brought up before the dean, but can those who pass on into the world ever forget this popular and honored Dean of ours?

ADVICE TO LOVE LORN

DEAR LANNIE AURIE:

I am a young man very bashful; tall, thin and dignified. I recently told a friend I was going to ask a certain young lady to go to the movies with me. Two days later, I heard that if I asked her she would go. How shall I go about asking her?

Wade Sutton.

Make the engagement at school or in the office or by note, if possible.

P. S. Don't let Miss Lorance see this.

DEAR LANNIE AURIE:

I own and operate a twin screw, double cylinder, windeveryhour watch, which proves an excellent photograph holder. Should I ask the young lady's permission before I put her picture in?

Porter Taylor.

No, it is not necessary. If she knew she would insist upon your getting a gold, diamond-studded Elgin.

DEAR MISS AURIE:

I am writing to confess to you a deep heart secret. It happens that the young lady of my choice, Miss Coffey is quite inaccessible. Would it be all right to tell her that I know she is above me and thinks higher than I do, but I love her just the same?

Angevine Currie.

I think your proposal will touch her heart, at least.

DEAR LANNIE AURIE:

The boys rush me to death and I am so absent-minded that I frequently have a date with six boys at once.

Dorothy Smith.

I fear you are a vamp. Take better care of your wayward glances. Keep an engagement book.

DEAR LANNIE AURIE:

I am a young man considered very handsome by my many young lady friends. There is one girl, however, who seems to prefer brown eyes to blue. Shall I use cave-man stuff.

Roman L.

Treat the young lady with calm disdain and meanwhile be your sweet and natural self at all times.

DEAR LANNIE AURIE:

I am fourteen, a Sophomore, and very cute. My mother objects to lip stick, rouge, cigarettes and my manner of dressing and does not allow me to stay out past one o'clock in the morning. She even makes me eat at home. Would you advise eloping or simply telling them what I think of them and leaving?

Flapper.

My Dear Flapper: Take up dishwashing and bedmaking as a cure. Turn on the phonograph and jazz the broom around awhile.

DEAR LANNIE AURIE:

Please tell me how to keep up with Jeanette. She is constantly in a rush.

Worried Don.

I should have to see the young lady to tell you. I advise big steps.

DEAR MISS AURIE:

Is it or is it not proper for young ladies to slide down the children's slide afternoons with a certain dark-haired Senior boy, who is prominent on the Times staff? Do not print my name as publicity embarrasses me.

M. K.

My dear, modest, little girl, slides are proper until you are out of your 'teens. Stay young as long as you can and then patronize a beauty parlor.

DEAR LANNIE:

We are two young men in High School, aged seventeen and eighteen, respectively. It is our ambition to be singers, as we both have beautiful voices. How shall we begin our operatic careers?

Douglas Hunter and *Ted Potter.*

Would advise you to apply Miss Hazeltine for a role in the "Bohemian Girl" or some other famous opera. After that, all will be easy.

DEAR LANNIE AURIE:

I am a very musical young man. I buzz around strumming charming ditties on a uke and singing sweet songs all the time. Everybody loves me and that's where my troubles begin. Two girls have an air of ownership; one is a brunette, and the other is a blond. The blond is musical, also, but the brunette fascinates me. Advise me.

Walter Clopton.

Take them both out, but not the same night. Be cautious and diplomatic and all will end well.

DEAR LANNIE:

I am artistic, stately and beautiful; I have no bad habits and would make a fair amateur cook. A red-headed husband preferred.

M. Pierce.

I have just the man for you. I regret to state, though, that he is cross-eyed and freckled, in addition to the red hair. Do you mind?

DEAR MISS AURIE:

Will I ever get over my habit of blushing when in the presence of young ladies? Can I bring the cure about quickly?

Kibbee Allen.

K. A. You will in time dear, but at present you will have to rely on your sunburn.

DEAR LANNIE:

Can you tell me what I will be when I get big?

Carl Price.

C. P. Study hard, my boy, and you may sometime be a solo dancer.

CLASSIFIED ADS

PERSONALS

If the young lady with blue eyes and red hair, who winked at me in Booth's yesterday, will pass the Campus Shop any day at noon, I will gladly introduce myself.—*Clifford Spitzer.*

If the blond Sophomore football and basketball player will stop using Stacomb, and let his hair curl, I will encourage his attentions.—*Mildred Storey.*

"SUCCESSFUL BLUFFING"
A most valuable booklet.
Bluffs guaranteed to fool any teacher.
BEATRICE BLAWIS

SEE YOURSELF AS
OTHERS SEE YOU
Cartoons drawn while you wait
W. PORTER TAYLOR

LET
EVELINA MITCHELLA
the pretty gypsy
Tell your fortune—She reads the future in your palm.
Rates Reasonable.

"HOW TO GET TO CLASSES LATE"
A Valuable Book,
based on Experience
See N. Hutchinson.

"How to Get Your Own Way As Editor of The News Box,"
or
"How to Get Along With the Sponsors"
By Margaret Lutz.
Valuable to future editors.

WANTED—A noiseless Senior Class that will not annoy me at dismissals.—*Dean.*

WANTED—An antidote for troublesome flirtations. Girls insist on absorbing my attention and time.—*Beryl Lewis.*

CARLEA-BY-THE-SEA
The most popular School of Expression in the South
Located on Fifth Avenue and Broadway.
Pahokee, Florida.
At intersection of the street car-lines.
Most competent instructors hired.
Rates Reasonable
LENEA STROMBERG, Principal.
CARL WIDELL ....Asst. Principal.

WANTED—Self-instructing book on how to drive to please the modern flapper.—*Skeet Wright* and *Jack Payne.*

LOST—Many valuable hours of sleep studying Cicero. Finder please return to Christie Summers.

FOR SALE—My thoroughbred horse. Pedigree dates back to 49 A. D. Answers to name of "Kikero."—*Hip Mitchell, care Kikero Kirkle.*

FOR SALE—Slightly used rules for presiding as president of a noisy class. Will sell cheap or exchange for a bottle of Anti-Fat.—*Henry Baker.*

POSITION WANTED—As instructor of all the latest dance steps. In less than a month you can dance the Hoola-Hoola on an egg. Only pretty girls and handsome men need apply.—*Brooks Reed-Gretna McClain.*

POSITION WANTED—As weather forecaster in an aviation camp. My unusual height enables me to forecast the weather at any altitude.—*Carl Price.*

POSITION WANTED—As director of a Billion Dollar Band. Only known competitor in the world is Harold Bachman.—*Gene Hults.*

HELP WANTED—Wanted, a pretty girl to massage, curl and shampoo my eye-lashes. Must be young and a flapper.—*R. Leszczynski.*

WILL EXCHANGE Our faculty with that of any reputable college that we, as a class can attend—*Seniors, P. B. H. S., '23.*

WANTED—Violinists to fill our places in the orchestra. Good pay, permanent engagement.—*Guy Grewell* and *Mittie Steen.*

WANTED—Some Senior knowledge—*Marietta Clarke, Oscar Frantz, Lake Lytal.*

FOR SALE—P. B. H. S. yells—wind and all.—*"Tut" Gibson.*

FOR RENT—My elastic 5-passenger Overland. Easily accommodates 11 at a joy ride.—*Charles Zablocki.*

FOR SALE—Some of my many dates. Am over-supplied and will sell cheap.—*Wade Sutton.*

FOR SALE—Socks of all colors. We have at last outgrown them. Come early and select your own.—*Freshie Girls.*

Don't Fail to Hear
Hooz Iz Watcha McCallem's Six Snappy Snoozers.
in their Big Acts.
—Tonight's Program—

1. "I'm a Warrior Brave and Bold," solo —W. Porter Taylor.
2. Defense of the Flapper—Ruby Lorance.
3. Dance of the Swans—Pauline Jones and Viola Whidden.
4. Reading, "The Raven," (Poe)—Wade Sutton.
5. Note Writing Should Be Stimulated—M. Young.
6. "Stumbling"—Six Freshies.

ANNUAL TRI-COUNTY DEBATE

When we entered school this term everyone was feeling great, for the single exception that a great storm cloud hung over our heads; even then mysterious whispers of debates, little debates, big debates, middle sized debates reached our ears, and lo! soon we got them. In January, six pupils were picked for the tri-county debate and then the fun began(?). Call it fun if you like. They didn't.

The subject, "Resolved, that the U. S. Government Should Own and Operate the Coal Mines", was discussed thoroughly. Then the team of Bessie Wilson, Mittie Steen and Evelyn Mitchell, with Betty Fuller as alternate, went to Ft. Lauderdale and the grand affair was on. They all did well and became a credit to the High School even if they didn't win. The whole school would be willing to bank on that team anytime.

On March 2 Miami's affirmative team came up for the purpose of defeating our negative team which they accomplished by a close margin.

Mr. H. E. Robbinson acted as chairman with Miss Dorothe Lockhart as secretary.

Miami's first speaker introduced the subject and showed much power in oratory, but the next speaker (our first), Joseph Graff, showed quite as much. The second speakers on both teams were girls but our speaker, Margaret Lutz, was much superior to Miami's.

Miami's third speaker then remarked on our second speaker's cute little speech and made many witty remarks, which carried the debate. Then our third speaker, Joseph Schrebnick, showed that he was none behind the others in oratorical ability. Gretna McClain was alternate.

ORGANIZATIONS

PEP CLUB

The girls, moved by that spirit of pep which is prevailing in our school, organized for the purpose of sponsoring school spirit.

Owing to the late date of their organization they were unable to carry out their plans but great things will be expected of this club next year.

EVELYN MITCHELL ..... *President*
BEULAH BARTO ..... *Vice President*
ELMA JACKSON ..... *Secretary*
MARY MCGEAH ..... *Treasurer*
RUTH VALLOWE, LUCY HART, CAMILLE TAYLOR ..... *Cheer Leaders*

THE R. O. J. A.

The R. O. J. A. (Rhea Optic Junot Accord) is a society of about forty boys of P. B. H. S. Its purpose is the "Boosting of all school activities". There is a social side to the organization, too, the fellows acting on the thought that a little work and a little play is the best concoction possible. The order is recognized by Mr. Gordon and therefore the members are doubly careful to do nothing that will bring dishonor on the fair name of their club. The R. O. J. A. has not done as much this year as it will in '23-'24, as it was planned and started so late in the season. Next year, however, with a more firmly organized band of Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores, this "Boys' Society" will make itself both felt and heard. The R. O. J. A. has personally accomplished, or is in some way responsible, for the following school events during the year '22-'23:

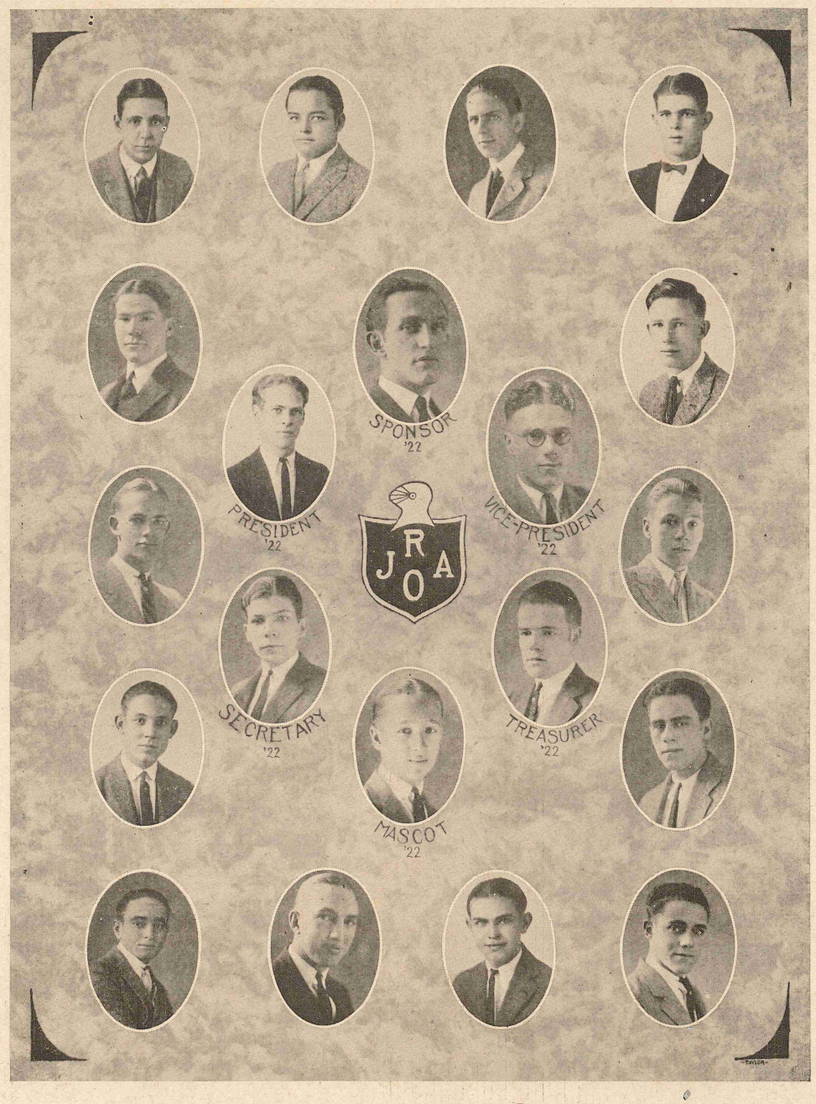
The first snake dance in Palm Beach High School, resulting in the largest attendance at a basketball game this term.

The formation of the Girls' Pep Club and Boys' Pep Club.

Concentrated cheer leading at games.

A dance for the Girls' Basketball Team; also for the Boys' Basketball Team.

And last but not least, assisting in such prosaic tasks as moving pianos, arranging chairs and the like.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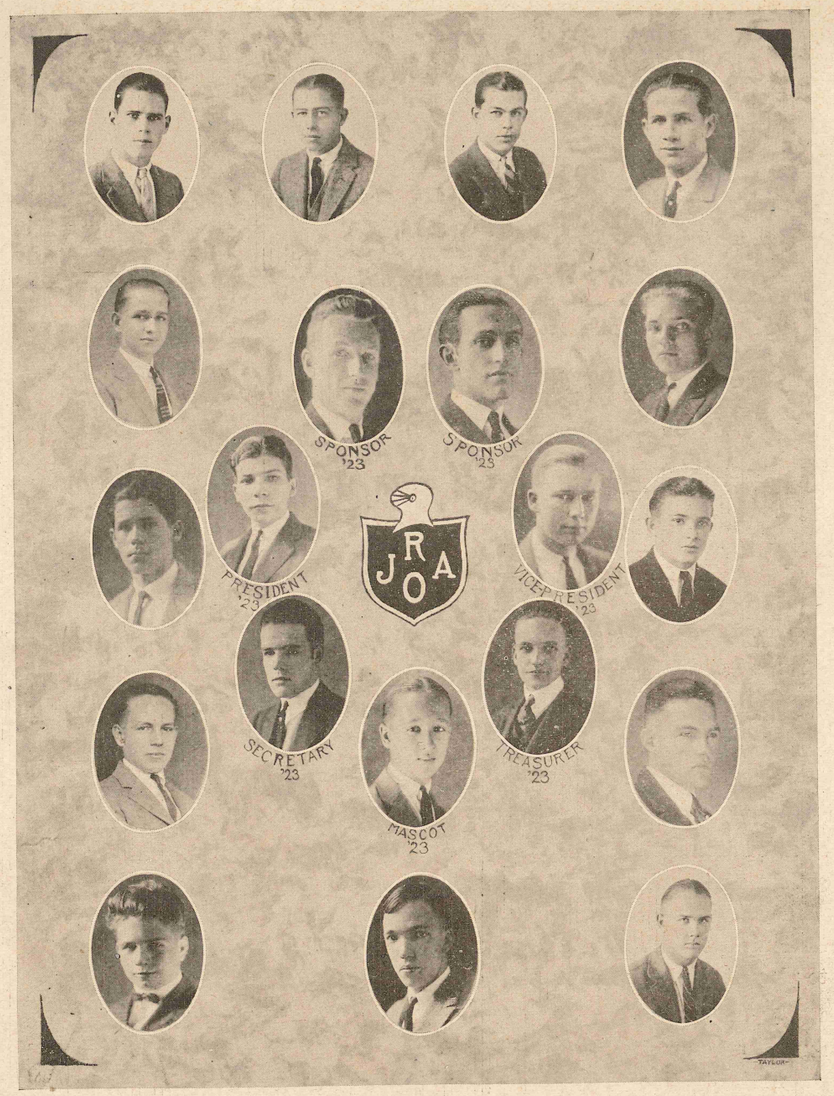
SECRETARY '22
TREASURER '22
MASCOT '22
J R O A


SPONSOR '23
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ORCHESTRA

We have many musicians in our High School who can play classical music as well as Jazz; as has been demonstrated during our Chapel periods. We have had solos on the saxophone, cello, and xylophone this year at Chapel by members of the student body.

Last year we had a splendid orchestra that played marches for us each Chapel morning. When an orchestra was needed this year it was selected from among our students and was always on hand. This perhaps gave a variety and placed the responsibility upon no certain group. The ability of the school musicians was given a chance to display itself with the difficult opera music of Balfe's "Bohemian Girl". We had a large orchestra to play at the Minstrel Show.

Palm Beach High School is very fortunate in having so many that love music. Those who have talent should be generous with it, and we find the majority that way. It gives great pleasure to our student body and gives the player experience before a large audience.

THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club is composed of Senior girls including: Ruth Vallowe, Grace Adams, Dorothy Halsey, Florence Holstlaw, Amy Brown, Betty Fuller, Gladys Dowda, Doris Gross, Margaret Lutz, Dorothy Smith and Elizabeth Idner. The club has appeared in several plays: The Operetta (the Bohemian Girl) and the Minstrels.

Doris Gross took the leading part in the former play.

QUARTETTE

This was the first year in the history of the school, that it has had a High School Quartette. The quartette has appeared repeatedly in school activities, meeting with success on all occasions. It was a great aid in the lyceum course that the school has given this year. The members are Walter Clopton, first tenor; Douglas Hunter, second tenor; Theodore Potter, first bass; and Harold Jones, second bass.

CICERO CIRCLE

ANTEPENULTA MARGHERITA ADULESCENS ..... *Sponsor*
BESSIA WILFILIA ..... *Primus Princeps*
EVELYNIA MITCHELLA ..... *Secundus Princeps*
HOWARDUS CROMERUS ..... *Custodia Pecuniae*
CHRISTOPHUS AESTAS ..... *Scriptor Gratarum Epistularum*

CHARTER MEMBERS

Margherita Lutza
Dorothea Smithus
Kathaleena Greya
Kibbicus Allenus
Howardus Cromerus
Christophus Aestas
Bessia Wilfilia
Evelyna Mitchella

MOTTO—*"O tempora, o mores!"*
POEM—*"Mica mica parva stella!"*
FLOWER—*"Lilia."*
INSIGNIA—*"Astrum."*

CURRENT SARCASM

	Girl	*Boy*
Most Popular	Florence Holstlaw	Jay Jankosky
Brightest	Betty Fuller	Carl Widell
Tallest	Betty Pringle	Carl Price
Shortest	Dorothy Smith	Angevine Currie
Skinniest	Margaret Lutz	Jack Payne
Fattest	Pauline Jones	Henry Baker
Most Aristocratic	Marge Weadock	Welty Compton
Most Sociable	Beulah Barto	Jay Jankosky
Laziest	Rebecca Wiggins	Lake Lytal
Most Diligent	Bessie Wilson	Joe Schrebnick
Biggest Eater	Maudie Pierce	Roy Moore
Biggest Feet	Roma Storey	Don McGinley
Most Conceited	Mary Moore	Welty Compton
Typical Senior	Florence Holstlaw	Henry Baker
Typical Junior	Katherine Rickards	Christie Summers
Typical Sophomore	Mary Elizabeth Quinn	Robert McDonald
Typical Freshman	Margaret Carthew	James Skipper
Typical Commercial	Elma Jackson	Walter Clopton

SENIORS

AS THEY USED TO "WUZ"

Demure little "TORTER"

Now, WADE

HIP ! ! !

The author of "PIERCE'S PAGE OF PETITE POEMS"

Yes, this is JOE

And doesn't ROMAN look manly in his first pair?

CHAPEL 1922-23

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Vocal Duet, Grace and Jack Moss.

MARCH 12—Commercial, a program, typically Commercial. Speed and concentration tests formed an amusing and interesting part of the program. The Commercial song was sung, and Rhoda Pearce gave an excellent recitation, "When the Teacher Gets Cross???" Jack Clopton sang, his passionate tenor (?) thrilling us, as usual. We adore to hear him sing—he can pick a high note off the roof and hold it till the janitor comes around to close up. 'S fact. The Commercials are said to have planned the best program for this year. It was enjoyed to the very top notch.

MARCH 19 — Southern program, ("Plantation Days"—a medley of Southern songs and talk.)

MARCH 26—"Bird Island," Judge Woodcock. (Judge Woodcock, of Pennsylvania, gave us an interesting forty-five minutes, in a discussion of "Bird Island.")

APRIL 2—A xylophone solo, Lloyd Findley. (A new discovery. Lloyd joins the ranks of our foremost entertainers.)

APRIL 9—News Box. (The News Box staff, one and all, tell about its work, how and why.)

APRIL 16 — "Americanism." Major Barnett.

APRIL 23—"Ireland." A rollicking medley of song and speech, Irish in every respect and thoroughly green, but in color only. One of the most entertaining and picturesque programs this year. P. S.—Say, Mary E., who put the "wild" in "My Wild Irish Rose"? Chase me!

APRIL 30—The Times Staff. (It's hard to decide. There are more good writers on the "News Box," but look at the good looking boys on the "Times," and then look at the cute girls on the "News Box"! This is a problem.)

MAY 7—Sophomores. (Peppy, pretty, snappy and full of life and laughter.) We read that somewhere!

MAY 14—Juniors. (Same as above.)

MAY 21 — Impromptu. (See paragraph beginning "in conclusion.")

MAY 28—Seniors. Oh, well! You know how the Seniors always are.

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MARCH 5—Wireless, Joseph Graff, Baldwin Ohlhaber, (Prof. Whosis of the Chattahoochee University, who occupied the chair of applied electricity at Sing Sing, gave a demonstration of what radio can do if you treat it rough!)

Vocal Duet, Grace and Jack Moss.

MARCH 12—Commercial, a program, typically Commercial. Speed and concentration tests formed an amusing and interesting part of the program. The Commercial song was sung, and Rhoda Pearce gave an excellent recitation, "When the Teacher Gets Cross???" Jack Clopton sang, his passionate tenor (?) thrilling us, as usual. We adore to hear him sing—he can pick a high note off the roof and hold it till the janitor comes around to close up. 'S fact. The Commercials are said to have planned the best program for this year. It was enjoyed to the very top notch.

MARCH 19 — Southern program, ("Plantation Days"—a medley of Southern songs and talk.)

MARCH 26—"Bird Island," Judge Woodcock. (Judge Woodcock, of Pennsylvania, gave us an interesting forty-five minutes, in a discussion of "Bird Island.")

APRIL 2—A xylophone solo, Lloyd Findley. (A new discovery. Lloyd joins the ranks of our foremost entertainers.)

APRIL 9—News Box. (The News Box staff, one and all, tell about its work, how and why.)

APRIL 16 — "Americanism." Major Barnett.

APRIL 23—"Ireland." A rollicking medley of song and speech, Irish in every respect and thoroughly green, but in color only. One of the most entertaining and picturesque programs this year. P. S.—Say, Mary E., who put the "wild" in "My Wild Irish Rose"? Chase me!

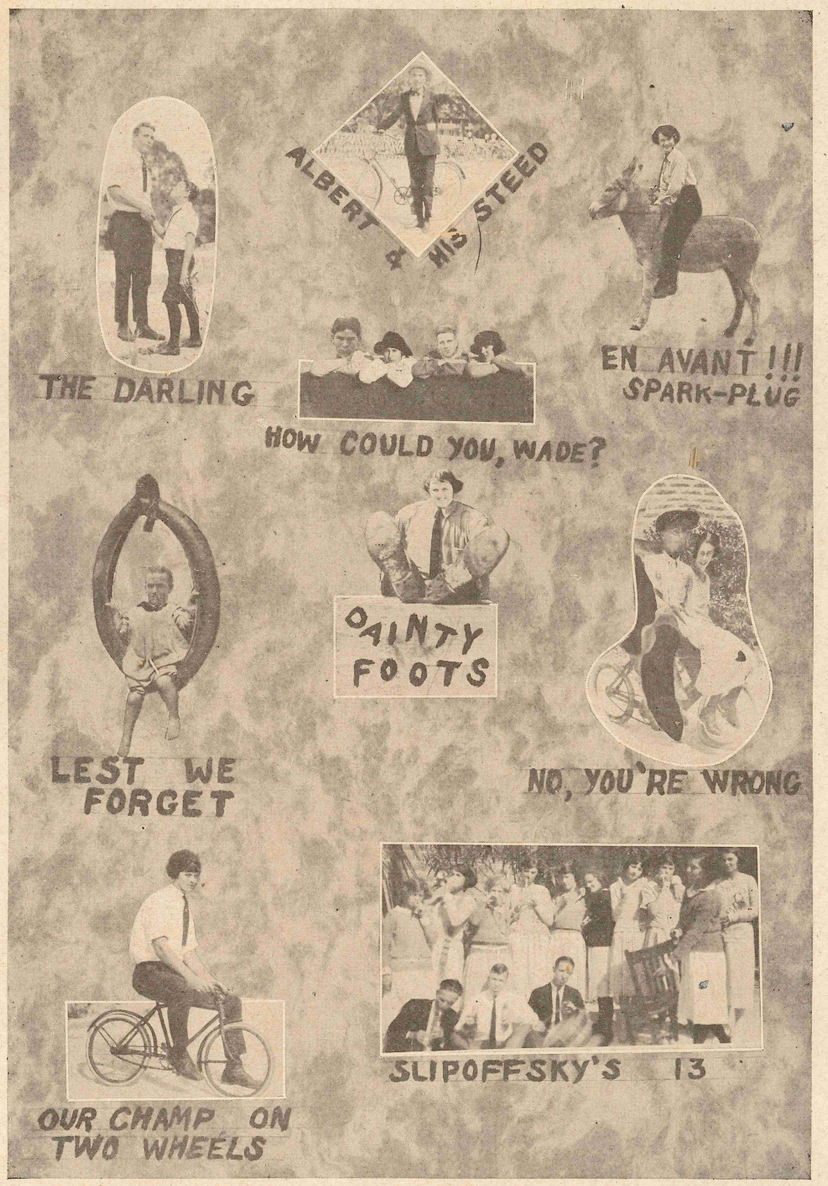
APRIL 30—The Times Staff. (It's hard to decide. There are more good writers on the "News Box," but look at the good looking boys on the "Times," and then look at the cute girls on the "News Box"! This is a problem.)

MAY 7—Sophomores. (Peppy, pretty, snappy and full of life and laughter.) We read that somewhere!

MAY 14—Juniors. (Same as above.)

MAY 21 — Impromptu. (See paragraph beginning "in conclusion.")

MAY 28—Seniors. Oh, well! You know how the Seniors always are.



PIERCE'S PAGE OF PETITE POEMS

WHEN THE WHISTLE BLOWS

I

The whistle blows
The day's begun
And here and there
The Freshman runs.
They do not dare
To hesitate—
Their greatest fear
Is being late.

II

The Sophomore lingers
O'er a dope;
He's just begun
To learn to mope,
He glances idly
At his watch
And tightens up
His belt a notch,
And as the minutes
Quickly pass
He slowly slinks
Off to his class.

III

The lucky Junior
Knows no rule
The whistle blows,
He's shooting pool
He does not lay
Aside his cue
And run to class
As Freshmen do,
But says to his
Colleague in shame,
"Come on, let's play
Another game!"

IV

The Senior does
Not hear the call
He hears no whistle
Blow at all.
He's long forgot
The hours to keep
So he remains
In bed asleep,
And when he wakes
In yawn says he,
"There goes my last Emergency."
(And throws his shoes
At alarm clock).

Now will that clever dispenser of joy,
That gave mother a permanent wave,
Give us a permanent bath for the boy,
And father a permanent shave.

THE LITTLE AFFAIR

They met, I believe, in the morning,
And civilly nodded good-by;
He wooed her without any warning,
And won without any delay.

By noon she had owned him her lover,
And kissed with ecstatic delight,
And the little affair was all over
And almost forgotten by night.

Man wants but little here below,
He's not so hard to please—
But woman—bless her little heart—
Wants everything she sees.

Caesar his Brutus, Napoleon his Waterloo, and the flunkee his summer school.

"AUTUMN"

In the twilight of life,
When the shadows of dusk draw near,
I long for the hearth-side
And the fire's glowing cheer.

I travel the winding lanes
With slow and steady tread,
The last to see the younger swains
I—the living walking dead.

The happy carefree youth and maids
Who gambol in the sun and shade,
Had many a year been unborn
When first I blew the hunter's horn.
As I watch them at their play,
Slowly comes night engulfing day.

—GUY GREWELL, '23.

ODE TO VACATION

(Not saying how much is ode (owed))

A vacation! Ye Gods! A vacation!
Oh weary brain,
Indeed I fain
I need a vacation!
At night I seem
To always dream
Of annual dope,
Of Bessie's hope,
Of play lines and cues,
Of Senior dues,
Of tri-county debates,
Of loves and hates,
Of much to learn,
Of teachers stern,
Of playlets to write,
Of someone to fight,
Of News Box stuff,
But that's enough.
Why continue to stumble
Through such a jumble?
Oh weary brain,
Indeed I fain
I *need* a vacation!

—ANONA MUSS.

JOKES

Fresh: Only fools are positive.
Senior: Are you sure?
Fresh: Positive.

Miss Weaver: Were lady Macbeth and Macbeth related?
Doris Gross: My Lord, they were married, weren't they?

"I hope you are not afraid of microbes," apologized the paying teller, as he cashed the school teacher's check with soiled bills.
"Don't worry," said Miss Seibenthal, "a microbe couldn't live on my salary."

Miss Lorance: Fred, your conduct is outrageous. I will have to consult your father.
Fred G.: Better not, Miss Lorance; it will cost you two dollars.

Bob O.: Say, Prof., I don't think I deserve zero on this test.
Prof. Hamilton: Correct, but that's the lowest mark I'm giving this test.

Kissing a girl is like opening a bottle of olives—if you get one the rest come easy.

Miss Lockhart (in English): Lake, what is the plural of child?
Lake: Twins.

Welty: Sir, I want your daughter for my wife.
"Pop" Vallowe: Young man, you go home and tell your wife she can't have my daughter.

"Don't cry, little boy, you'll get your reward in the end."
" 'Spose so, that's where I allus do get it."

Spaulding: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man could answer.
Hip: That's why we flunked.

Buster: I hear you broke your engagement with Clara.
Ted P.: Yes, postponed it indefinitely.
Buster: Why?
Ted: Oh, she married another guy!

Mr. Hamilton: And did you have much trouble in getting the answer to those examples?
Hutchy (preoccupied): I should say I did. I had to go to every Senior before I found one who had saved his last year's papers.

Jack P.: Hello, Perry, who's the girl?
Perry: What do you mean?
Jack: Well, you're not wearing a collar like that for fun, are you?

Beulah: I followed that saying an apple a day keeps the doctor away, but he came just the same.
Jay J.: Try onions!

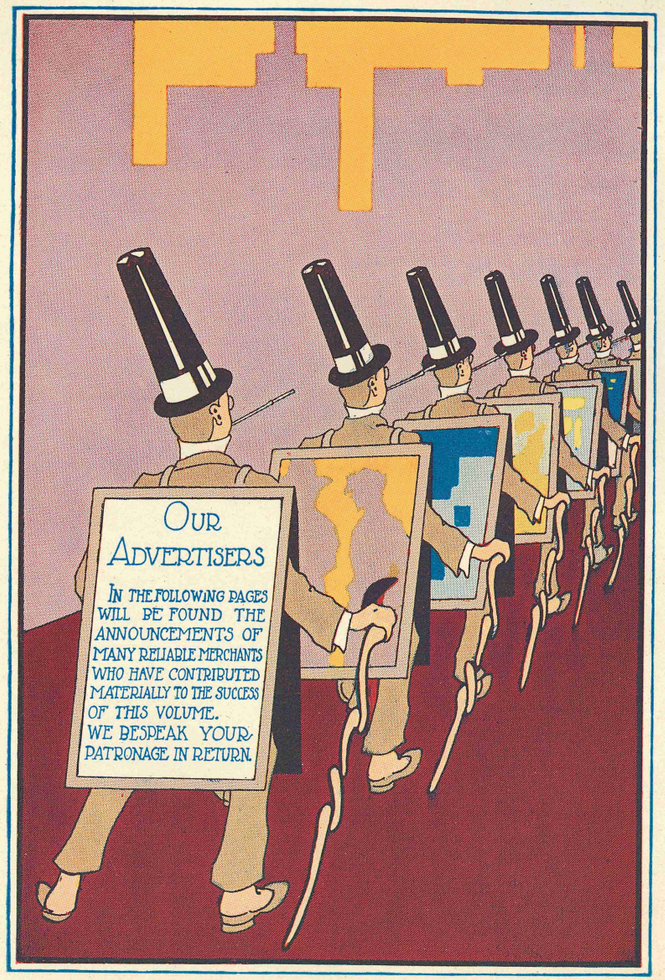
CAR FARE

For hours they had been together on her front porch. The moon cast its tender gleam down on the young and handsome couple who sat strangely far apart. He sighed. She sighed. Finally!
"I wish I had money, dear," he said, "I would travel."
Impulsively she slipped her hand into his.
Aghast, he looked at his hand. In his palm lay a nickel.

"Naw, she's not two faced."
"Zat so?"
"She wouldn't wear that one if she were."

All the world loves a lover. Mother is an exception. She must sit up till the young man leaves.

Spaulding: What is an oyster?
Dorothy: An oyster is a fish built like a nut.



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Police (to disturbing banjoist): Young man, I'm sorry, but you must accompany me.

Jack Clopton: All right, officer; what will you sing?

Miss Blawis: Now we'll take these men up in sections.

Jay: Oh, here's where I separate.

Prof.: Does any question bother you?

Bright Student: Not at all, sir, not at all. The questions are all-right, but it is the answer that bothers me.

John Wannamaker said that there is truly such a thing as keeping the heart unwrinkled. It is by being hopeful, cheerful, kindly, reverent and thankful.

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Wade: Father, Miss Lorance never takes a bath.

Father: Why, Wade, who told you?

Wade: She did. She said she never did anything in private she wouldn't do in public.

Red: This school certainly turns out some fine men.

Visitor: Yes, when did you graduate?

Red: I didn't graduate. I was turned out.

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Prof.: What is an oyster?

Stude: A fish built like a nut.

Freshie: Oh, mamma, there's a policeman at the door.

Mother: Well, tell him we don't want anything today.

Father says he can't understand the young men of today. At 12 o'clock they are hanging 'round the front door saying *Just one.*

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Thelma: It's funny, the older I get the better I like 'em.

Chief Surgeon: What makes you think this is a case of chronic appendicitis?

Dr. Hip: When we stripped the patient we found this tatooed on his stomach: "Please open along dotted line."

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Ruth V.: Oh, dear, you're awfully tender tonight.

Welty: I ought to be, I've been in hot water all afternoon with the faculty.

Small Son: I say, dad, when people go to heaven, do they become angels right away, or do they have to pass a lot of stupid examinations first?

"Hello, I want to order a box for tomorrow."

"What size?"

"There are six in the party."

"We have only single sizes, but we'll have it made special."

"Is this the theater?"

"No, the undertakers."

STOP—LOOK—LISTEN

She is attractive—you stop; you look; but after you marry her you listen.

Guy: May I ask you for this dance?

Pork: Please do, I've been dying to refuse you all evening.

Lake: May I borrow your dress suit?

Bob: Sure, but why the formality?

Lake: I couldn't find it.

Dollie: How Marilee has gained in popularity lately!

Lenea: You said it! She buys twice as many hair nets as she used to.

(Heard in a shoe store).

Fish Face: What number will you take?

Eva Potts: Two, of course.

Englishman (eating a fish cake for the first time): Say, old chap, something has died in this biscuit.

THE WOMAN PAYS

Train Conductor: How old are you, my little girl?

Little Girl: If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and say nothing.

Colored Patient (extremely fat): Doctah, does yuh cure yoh patients for so much a day or so much a trip—or how does you cure 'em?

Colored Doctor (looking him over): I cures 'em—ah—I cures 'im by weight, for so much a pound.

"Jack, dear, may I have that ten dollars I saw on your bureau?"

"Certainly, my dear; I'll go get it for you."

"Never mind, sweetheart, I have it."

Mr. Gordon: They say man is a descendant of the monkey.

Miss Young: Yes, and the way some of them act, you'd think they had a round trip ticket.

Father (knocking at door): Eight o'clock, eight o'clock!

Elvin Bass (sleepily): Don't call me, call the doctor."

Impatient Diner: Hey! miss!

Waitress: Don't serve it, sir.

Charity: Will you donate something to the old ladies' home?

Generosity: With pleasure! Help yourself to my mother-in-law.

"Sammie, what is your greatest ambition?"

"To wash mamma's ears."

"Do you know the name of that piece?" asked Miss Blawis of Miss Butterfield, as Miss Haseltine bowed herself from the platform.

Miss Butterfield looked politely puzzled. "Do you mean the one Miss Haseltine was singing or the one her accompanist was playing?"

Brooks: Why did you break your engagement with that teacher?

Bill Gross: Well, if I failed to show up, she wanted an excuse signed by my mother.

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Miss Weaver: (At Gene Smith's): Have you "Lamb's Tales"?

Clerk: No, this is not a meat shop.

Judge: I haven't any sympathy for a man that beats his wife.

Lawyer: The man who can beat his wife doesn't need sympathy.

A: What is worse than eating an apple and finding a worm?

B: Finding half a worm.

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It is better to be the goat than the one butted.

Henry: What do you think is the greatest disappointment in this world?

Jay: I should say it would be to jump from an airplane and then find the parachute wouldn't work.

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Mark—Fig leaves.

Dorothy Halsey.
H—Tough boys.
C—Mouth.
M—Bow legs.

Evelyn Mitchell.
H—Teachers.
C—Muslin.
M—Spontaneous combustion.

(Continued.)

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JEWELERS

Under class men use the Seniors of "23" as an example and let us show you our samples of rings and pins

1507-1509 Woodward Ave. **Detroit, Mich.**

Name—Wade Sutton.
Hobby—Flirting.
Crime—Looking like Valentino.
Mark—Boldness.

Name—Joe Graff.
Hobby—Looking superior.
Crime—Knows too much.
Mark—Alliknowisbigwords.

Sirkins' Shoe Store

CHILDREN'S SHOES
AT
REASONABLE PRICES

405 Clematis Ave.
HARRY SIRKIN, Prop.

Royal Palm Hotel

ON THE LAKE

Cool, well ventilated rooms, all with bath, unexcelled dining room service at reasonable prices, fresh vegetables, good milk and cream always on our tables

The home atmosphere of the Royal Palm is bringing back its guests for the coming season. We invite you to the Royal Palm

ON LAKEVIEW AVE.
WEST PALM BEACH

BE GREAT

Would you be great? Decide that you will strive to be courteous to all persons with whom you come in contact during your whole life. If that is too big an order, just try it today. Then it will be easier tomorrow and succeeding tomorrows which are always todays when we meet them. All persons may become great in this way, though few persons may have the opportunity to become famous.

Best Wishes
AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Name—Lake Lytal.
Hobby—Getting mad.
Crime—Teasing.
Mark—Bath tub naps.

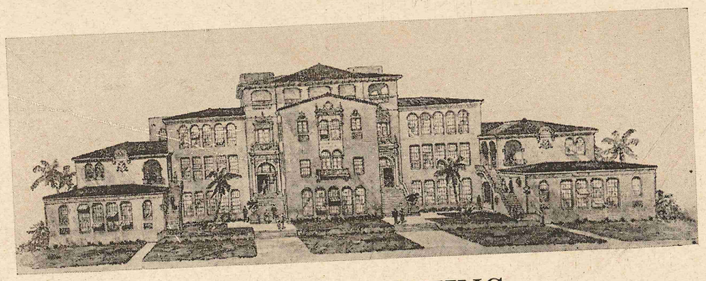
Name—O'Rhea Fisher.
Hobby—Ice cream cones.
Crime—Not enough hair pins.
Mark—Carl Price.

Castlen-Ervin Co.

PRINTERS

West Palm Beach, Fla.

Phone 408



WM. MANLY KING
Architect

Faculty Autographs

Agnes Redman Cass
Ithaca, Michigan
or 717 South Olive St., W. P. B.

Baldwin Ohlhaber '22

Senior Autographs

Mittie Stein '23

Marilee Krauss '23 Jack

Guy Gnewell "Pinks" '23

Beryl P. Lewis. P.K. '23

Brooks Reed '23

Porter Taylor '27

Amy Brown

"Dollie" Harter

Gretna McClain

Jay Jankovsky '23

Perry McCampbell '23

Walter Clopton.

Gladys Dowda '23

Eva M. Potts '23

Beulah Barto '23

Grace M. Adams "23"

Jack V. Payne

Henry M Baker.

Howard L. Cromer

Bessie M. Wilson '23

Margaret von Behren '22

Maudie Pierce "Tutterbud"

Dot Smith

Minnie Haaluwyn "Dutchy" '22

Florence Loletta '23

Lloyd Bentley

Ruth Wallace '23

Senior Autographs

Cora Sweeting

Joe Schrebnick

Margaret Lutz "Susie"

Wade Sutton '23.

Don McGinley '23

Carl A. Price

Dot Halsey '23

R. C. Leszczynski '23

Christine McCampbell '23

Buster Halley '23

Junior Autographs

Ruth Warner. '24
Douglas Hunter
Zella Adams '24
Camille Taylor.
Willifred Carswell '24
Kay Rickards
Marie Waalewyn '24
Robert Edmond Owen Jr "Bobby"
Margaret Johnson '24
Ernest Beaton 'RED' '30'
Verda V. Filer '24
[illegible] '24
Elizabeth C. Coffey '24
Magda Orosz '24
Lucy Hart '24
George Studsland

Marietta R. Cedarke, '24

Emma Jackson - Yes

Junior Autographs

Warren King

Lillian Wilson '25

Sophomore Autographs

Chas. Zaborski "25"
Pearle Herrick S.B.C. Rah Rah Rah
~~Zella Ada~~

Elizabeth Templeton
Allegra Gates '25 L.B.C.
Belle Whidden '25
Dorothy Bigelow L.B.C.
Teddy Hunter 25
Delmer Plockelman
O'Rhea Fisher.
Dorothy Clune '25 L.B.C.
Robert McDonald
Hoot Gibson - "Screw" - 25
Edlo Wright "Skeet"
Lake Lytal '25.
Milton Bennett
C. Widell "Waddle"
W.B. Wallace
Banzai Currie
Cameron Easterbrook
Elizabeth Pringle

Sophomore Autographs

Freshman Autographs

Beth Harris
Tillie Gosch '26
Alison Ballard '26
Stanley R. Yarrow '26
Frances Conklin '26
Joy McLaughlin
Henry E. Evans
Margaret Holmes '26
Benj. Sweeting
Mabelita McLane '26

Freshman Autographs

Snap Shots

Snap Shots

Snap Shots

Snap Shots

LATE NEWS OF OCCURRENCES DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR

FLORA JESKE CHOSEN VALEDICTORIAN

Miss Flora Jeske has been chosen as the Valedictorian of the class of '23.

Miss Jeske entered High School in West Palm Beach as a shy little Freshie. She has continued her scholastic career here, and is being congratulated on her success.

Flora not only has a good record in P. B. H. S. classical subjects, but also in those of the Commercial Department. She will receive both High School and Commercial diplomas this year.

Again we congratulate this most likable young lady for making an average of 95% in her Senior year, and wish her as much success all through life.

SENIOR SPONSOR WEDS

The most beautiful wedding of the year was that of Miss Lucile Weaver, the Senior sponsor.

The wedding took place at the Holy Trinity Episcopal Church at nine o'clock Saturday morning, June the second.

The church was artistically decorated in ferns and roses. The color scheme of green and white (the Senior class colors) was carried out in every detail. It was very effective, and delighted the hearts of the Seniors in addition.

Preceding the ceremony the Senior class, wearing green and white, marched in in twos singing Lohengrin's Wedding March.

The two ushers, M. C. Weaver and Terry Gibson, entered first and were followed by the bridesmaids, Miss Marjorie Bowler in a lovely green frock, and Miss Beatrice Blawis, who was charming in white.

Miss Lois Weaver, the sister of the bride, was the maid of honor and wore a lovely green gown. Mrs. M. A. Weaver, the bride's sister-in-law, attired in white, was the attractive matron of honor.

The little ring bearer was followed by the adorable little flower girls. The bride entered with her brother, M. A. Weaver. Miss Weaver was indeed an attractive picture in a beautiful wedding gown of real lace over white duchess satin. She wore with this a picture hat of white. The bride was met at the altar by the groom, Mr. W. F. Devine, and his best man, Mr. Whitney Himes.

Dorothy McCormick and Margaret Carthew, in green, were pages.

The beautiful ceremony took place in the presence of many friends and relatives of the bride and groom.

Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Devine left for a wedding trip by car.

WHAT WE DID IN THE STATE TENNIS MEET

The boys' tennis team left for DeLand May 3 to compete in the State Inter-scholastic Tournament. They played Friday and Saturday and came back Sunday.

Bob McDonald was rated No. 2 in the singles by most of the critics, and the team as a whole was generally rated second. Bob McDonald and Beryl Lewis reached the semi-finals, only to meet defeat. Bob was defeated by the state champion, Yenawine, and Beryl by Romph, a Miami player. These two, Lewis and McDonald, in the doubles played three matches. They met defeat in the last match at the hands of the champion doubles team composed of Yenawine and Blitch, of Duval. The other Palm Beach doubles team was eliminated in the first round.

Those who made the trip were: Mr. Johnstad, faculty representative; Kibbee Allen, assistant coach; Bob Oliver, substitute, and the players, McDonald, Lewis, Harris and Plockelman.

SUMMARY

McDonald vs. Feurer (Miami), 6-4, 2-6, 6-0.

McDonald vs. Stuart (Daytona Beach), 6-1, 6-0.

McDonald vs. Hill (New Smyrna), 6-1, 6-0.

McDonald vs. Yenawine (Duval), 2-6, 3-6.

Lewis vs. Smith (Winter Park), 2-6, 6-3, 6-1.

Lewis vs. Merrill (Daytona), 6-2, 4-2. (Default).

Lewis vs. Tinker (Orlando), 6-4, 7-5.

Lewis vs. Romph (Miami), 3-6, 1-6.

DOUBLES

Harris and Plockelman vs. Taylor and Keezel (Winter Park), 5-7, 6-1, 7-9.

McDonald and Lewis vs. Culp and Watson (DeLand), 6-4, 2-6, 6-3.

McDonald and Lewis vs. (Daytona), 6-0, 6-3.

McDonald and Lewis vs. Yenawine and Blitch (Duval), 4-6, 2-6.